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HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA

VOLUME 2

HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA
VOLUME 2

Indian Thoroughfares

BY

ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

With Maps and Illustrations

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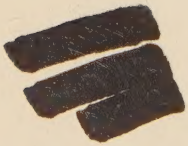

CONTENTS

		PAGE
PREFACE		9
I.	INDIAN THOROUGHFARES	13
II.	DIVISIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS	45
III.	EARLY THOROUGHFARES WESTWARD	66
IV.	INDIAN THOROUGHFARES OF THE CENTRAL WEST	97
V.	LEAVES FROM AN EXPLORER'S NOTE-BOOK	116
VI.	THE EVOLUTION OF HIGHWAYS	143

ILLUSTRATIONS

I. Facsimile of Guy Johnson's Map of the Country of the VI. Nations 69

II. Facsimile of Heckewelder's Map of Northeastern Ohio, 1796 . 101

III. Indian Thoroughfares of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, Based on Hutchins . . . 105

IV. Trail on Wallace Ridge . . 119

V. The Old Muskingum Trail . . 127

VI. An Indian Trail becomes a Modern Road 131

PREFACE

THE brave missionaries in Canada called the Indian trails of the North "Roads of Iron" because they were so difficult to follow. Holland, writing of the famous Bay Path in Massachusetts, gave them the name "Threads of Soil." They were all that these names imply and much more. They opened a new continent to its explorers, conquerors, and pioneers.

This monograph purposes to show the routes of the more important Indian thoroughfares of America, to suggest the importance of study of them, to prove that the courses can be identified and followed today, and to induce readers whom this subject may attract to do some work along these lines. To one who is imaginative the old days will come back: the trail and forest are again peopled, border armies hurry by, and the long stream of immigration floods the land. The subject is of

additional interest because of the acquaintance one must make with the earliest historical literature of the country — the journals and memoirs of brave men who saw this land as it will never again appear in human history. The field work required demands little or no expense, and is not without pleasure and fresh romance. It is safe to travel the Indian trails today; the poll-tax once collected by red-skinned highwaymen is not collected in these days. Not a lone Indian will be found overlooking "the place where he used to be born." Those who once pushed their horses down the Warriors' Path or went whooping down the Scioto or Mahoning are now hunting the souls of the moose and the beaver in the Land of the Souls, "walking on the souls of their snowshoes on the soul of the snow."

But they have left their trails behind them — and nothing else so interesting, so pregnant with varied memories, so rich in historical suggestion.

A. B. H.

Marietta, O., September 3, 1902.

Indian Thoroughfares

CHAPTER I

INDIAN THOROUGHFARES

A KNOWLEDGE of the Indian thoroughfares of the United States forms a most valuable key to the pioneer history of any and all portions of it. To a larger degree than has ever been realized, the explorers, conquerors, and settlers of any portion of this country were indebted to the narrow trail of the Indian. The explorers were, largely, compelled to travel by land rather than by water, and when they took to their canoes for a plunge down the swift rivers they almost invariably retraced their course on Indian trails in preference to stemming the swift tide which brought them down. Moreover, all who attempted water travel in early times found themselves the slaves of circumstances. For many weeks in winter the lesser streams were frozen and the greater streams filled with running ice. Wash-

ington, returning in winter from his mission to the French forts for Governor Dinwiddie, was compelled, on so considerable a river as the lower Allegheny, to desert his canoe and make his journey homeward on foot. For many weeks, too, many rivers were so shallow as to prohibit any navigation save for canoes. Céloron, who descended the Ohio burying the leaden plates for his Bourbon king, had a desperate time in ascending the Miami to the lakes in canoes, and Washington, even in midwinter, waded in icy waters, dragging his canoe over shoals in French creek on his return from Fort La Bœuf to Venango. The smaller streams were filled with drift and felled trees, impeding the traveler's progress. Gen. Moses Cleaveland was compelled to give up the attempt to ascend the Cuyahoga because the way was quite impassable.

The trail of the Indian, though often blocked by fallen trees and tangles of vine, ever offered a course through the heart of the continent. Like the buffalo trails they clung to high ground, mounting the hills on the long ascending ridges. Here, as was true of the routes of the earlier Indians

and buffaloes, the paths found the driest courses, for from the ridges the water was most quickly shed; the hilltops, too, were wind-swept of snow in winter and of brush and leaves in summer, and suffered least from the annual forest fires; for the Indian, the hilltops were coigns of vantage for outlook and signaling.

To what degree the routes of the buffalo became the routes of the Indian it will be difficult to determine. So far as the continental routes of the buffalo are concerned, it is practically sure that these were adopted by the Indian, for the buffalo found the points of least resistance with an accuracy as infallible as the sagacity of any savage. In the instance given by Daniel Boone it is plain that, just north of Cumberland Gap, the Indian thoroughfare branched westward from the buffalo trace on Rock Castle creek. The local trails of the Indians differed from the local traces of the buffalo much as their individual destinations differed. Yet, after white men came among the Indians of the Central West they found them using the great, broad roads which the buffalo made to and from

the salt licks and feeding-grounds. But it is quite sufficient for us to know that the earliest travelers in the West found Indian trails and buffalo traces and spoke of each as distinct thoroughfares, and easily recognized whether they belonged to one class or another. This is proved by Dr. Walker's references to them in his *Journal* of 1750.

The trails of the Indian were laid out with reference to the location of several things, among which their enemies and their hunting-grounds were originally of greatest importance. After the advent of the white man into the interior, the trails most used were those which led to the nearest trading-posts and to the forts of white men to whom the Indian became allied in the struggle that eventually broke out, and that continued in one form or another until the Indian was an eliminated factor in the West.

An Indian trail, in the abstract, was a narrow runway through the forest. Animal-like, the Indians always traveled in single file. The trail, while not worn five or six feet into the ground as a buffalo trace was, often lay a foot or two below

the surrounding ground, especially when worn by the hoofs of Indian ponies laden with peltry or stores. Often, however, when on a rocky ridge, the path was not worn perceptibly into the ground. It is a matter of record that when Washington and his company made a night march from Fort Necessity to find Sieur Jumonville's hidden "embassy" on Laurel Hill, the men frequently lost the trail and spent some time in finding it again. In many instances the depression in the ground of an Indian trail can be recognized today. The very appearance of the summits of certain ranges of hills now gives testimony, which is borne out by the oldest inhabitants, that a pioneer roadway followed an Indian trail along that height of land. "We have gone up the Kittanning gorge," writes an historian of Juniata valley, Pennsylvania, "and looked upon . . . the road . . . and were forcibly struck with the idea that it must once have been traversed, without knowing at the time that it was the famous Kittanning trail."[1] This writer affirms that the trail was then worn a foot below the

[1] Jones's *History of Juniata Valley*, p. 135.

surface of the ground. In 1834, while Dr. S. P. Hildreth was making a professional visit on Dry Ridge, between the Ohio and Little Kanawha, he was shown the old Monongahela trail on which he heard the wolves howling over the carcasses of deer which had recently been killed there. "This path was then pointed out to me," writes Dr. Hildreth, "as 'the old Indian trail,' and was doubtless the same along which Tecumseh and his party had marched."[2]

Of the many old-time trails which can be located today there is perhaps not one which has not left its print plainly on the ground. As a rule, the tracks are very plain in the case of trails which became pioneer routes. On Braddock's Road, for instance, great gorges are still to be found, five feet in depth, plowed by hundreds of pioneer wagons. On a hundred hilltops may be found a slight, gently rounding depression which, on the longer ranges, can be followed for miles. These old thoroughfares are most plain where the forests are still standing on the hilltops, for here,

[2] Hildreth's *Sketches of Pioneer History*, p. 205.

among the trees, the explorer finds a great aisle which was once the ancient thoroughfare. Small trees and underbrush may impede the way, but no large trees — and less underbrush than elsewhere — will be found in the old-time track.

The bed of an Indian trail was very narrow, since made only by one traveler passing at a time. The trees and bushes encroached closely upon the path and it was generally impossible to see ahead more than a rod or two. There were, probably, no such vistas in the ancient forests as those now visible along our woodland roads. Surprises were easily achieved.

The narrowness of these early thoroughfares with heavy forests on either side combined to render such passage-ways frequently impassable. Zeisberger, who came westward as missionary for the Moravian Brethren, relates that much of the journey was accomplished on hands and knees — such was the impenetrable growth that choked the slender trails which were the only roads over the Alleghanies.[3]

[3] Cf. *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. xviii., p. 29.

It is evident that a single windstorm, in such aged forests as those which covered the country a century ago, could easily fill a narrow roadway with fallen branches, so that it would be as well-nigh impassable as the adjacent jungle itself. The bushes, jealous of even the slightest space reserved for man's use in the virgin forest, overhung on either side, and after a rain the traveler was frequently drenched to the skin by the water which the branches retained. The bruised or broken ends of the twigs of the bushes beside a trail were an invariable sign to the Indian's keen eye of the size and destination of any party that had passed.

But Indian trails were not always on high ground, at least not always on the summits of the hills. Their general courses were determined by the destinations to which they offered thoroughfare, and toward these there were, oftentimes, no hill-ranges which offered a direct and easy course. In such instances the trails were forced to seek the most practicable courses available. Thus many of them wound for miles through low grounds which were often

covered with water or otherwise rendered impassable. In such locations the trails were exceedingly circuitous. The few men who are still to be found who traveled and remember any Indian trail will attest to this fact that in low ground the trail was wont to double back on itself many times, even in a few rods. This in itself is interesting proof that even in low ground the path of the Indian sought the highest ground. In describing the portage path between the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers in northern Ohio, an old resident affirmed that the circuitousness of the path when it entered the lowland of the Cuyahoga valley was invariably a matter of comment among the early pioneers who traversed it.

Trails in low ground were far less stable than those on the heights; indeed, very many were probably impassable for many months of the year, being subject to constant overflow from neighboring rivers or swamps. Thus numerous trails well worn in the summer season must have been quite deserted in winter. And when such abandoned routes were again traversed, the old

track was doubtless found to be destroyed throughout the lowlands, and a new course was chosen each year by the first travelers who sought that route.

Thus through all Indian and pioneer history one of the chief qualifications of a guide was the ability to know what trails to use at each season, and to be able to estimate the extent of local storms or floods and know what trails would be affected by each. In winter and during times of floods, the hill trails were undoubtedly the routes to be used and watched. In summer, the lowland trails were broken again for the season's travel. Forest fire was another important factor to be counted by one who was to make his way or guide others through the primeval forests of America. These fires, which so frequently licked up the forests for miles in extent, wiped out also the little ways man and beast had broken open. The fires did least damage on the summits of the hills because here the forest growth was lighter and here a less amount of brush and undergrowth had collected. But forest fires came, usually, like the floods, at certain regular

seasons, and a woodsman of the old school knew well what thoroughfares were most endangered by them and laid his courses accordingly.

The nightmare of travelers forest-bound was the passage of streams — the fords where the woodland thoroughfares left them for a space to the mercy of bogs, morasses, swift tides, quicksands, hidden rocks, sand-bars, and the other uncertainties of the "crossing-place." With an instinct no less shrewd than that displayed on the highland trail, the buffalo and the Indian found with great sagacity the best crossing-places over the streams of America.

One student, at least, wondered for many months why the old trails he studied and traversed always crossed streams just at the mouths of other streams. It seemed to him (as is true of our streams today) that at this very point the deepest water would be encountered. Yet, one item of evidence after another accumulated until the mass of it pointed surely to a law. Some of the more notorious "crossing-places" will be remembered by the casual reader of pioneer

history to have been at the junction of two streams, as the famous Braddock's ford over the Monongahela at the mouth of Turtle creek, or the "Great Crossings" over the Muskingum at the mouth of Sandy creek, or the crossing-places on the Ohio at the mouths of Wheeling and Sunfish creeks, the Little and Great Kanawha and Licking rivers. The explanation is that in the old days, before the era of slack-water navigation and dredging, bars of sand or mud were always to be found in any stream at the mouths of its tributaries. Here, if the crest of this earth deposit was carefully followed, a drier ford could be made than at almost any other point. If, in certain places, the rocky riffles offered a shallower ford, the approach to the rivers at such rocky places was exceedingly dangerous for horses and absolutely impassable for any vehicle.

Thus the "bar" became an important factor in early travel — as important as it was capricious. And he was a good guide indeed who knew the sign of the shifting sands — for no bar ever remained in the same relative position from year to year.

Each flood-tide left its mark here, if nowhere else, and not infrequently the bar was completely washed away; sometimes it was entirely altered in position. Floods in certain rivers were known to leave peculiar deposits on the bars, which rendered them exceedingly treacherous; travelers whose temerity was greater than the knowledge of their guides frequently lost horses and baggage in attempting a headlong ford over treacherous bars containing the flood-deposit from a "soft-mud" stream. Sand-bars had a particularly nomadic trait of moving down stream. Oftentimes they were found half a mile distant from the point where only a year ago they offered a sure ford. The uncertainty of their movement was, of course, increased by any change of the estuary of the stream whose eddying waters created them. Many lesser streams made new estuaries for themselves in the high-water season; for the flood-tides found new courses which thereafter became the regular channel. The mouths of certain streams have been known to change long distances by the flood-tides cutting a shorter course to the main stream.

Old residents along our greater streams are often familiar with a number of mouths of the smaller streams. All this greatly affected the travel on the old thoroughfares where the bars beneath the water were the only bridges.

Over some of the small streams and across such bogs as could not be skirted, the first thoroughfares were supported by logs laid closely together, but this was an innovation very seldom found on purely Indian trails. So far as the records go, there is almost no testimony to show that the red men did anything at all to the beds of their little roads. When wet ground was encountered, the Indian either skirted it on surrounding higher land, or plunged recklessly through it — as also did George Roger Clark's brave army which captured the Illinois forts from the British in the Revolutionary War, after wading through "drowned lands of the Wabash." The need of bridges came with the wheeled vehicles, and of these the Indian knew nothing. Two poles which were bound to each side of his pony and dragged behind on the ground was his only "wagon;" and goods

placed upon this contrivance would clear any stream that a diminutive Indian pony could ford. Oftentimes a fallen tree was made to serve as a bridge over a stream, though this of course could only be used by those traveling on foot.[4]

As has been remarked, road-building was a lost art among Indians of historic times — however much was known in the days of their mound-building ancestors. This was all in keeping with the law of need. The transportation of immense quantities of earth and stone, of which the mounds were built, necessitated the graded roads for which the mound-building Indians were celebrated. The deterioration of the civilization of the Indian is in nothing shown more plainly than in the study of the roads of the prehistoric and historic tribes. Living almost entirely on the generosity of the forest and stream, the later Indian needed thoroughfares only for hunting and for war. The little trail to the hunting-ground and the track which led to the enemy's country, were, when history

[4] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. xviii., p. 36.

dawned, his only thoroughfare. It answered all his needs, and he did nothing to improve it. If it became impenetrable because of the wind-strewn wreck of the forests, or by the action of the floods, he merely sought out another pathway and broke it open by continual use.

Nor did the Indian waste any energy in marking out his narrow roadways. In southwestern Pennsylvania, in the Alleghanies, the explorer will be shown what are generally known as "Indian stones," thin rocks of considerable size which are found standing on edge as though having been placed in that position by human hand. A tradition exists that these "Indian stones" were placed beside the Indian trails either to mark out their course or for some other special purpose. Beyond the fact that there are several of these stones similarly placed, nothing can be learned, and there is perhaps no testimony extant in the literature of the earliest pioneer times which would give any reason for believing that the red man used anything to mark out his paths. This legend of Pennsylvania is, however, of interest and

there may be some significance in the position of these rough and peculiar monuments.[5]

Neither was the custom of blazing the trees beside a trail an Indian custom, contrary to what seems to be the general opinion. The "blaze" was a white man's invention, and, though the red man could by one deft stroke leave considerable information on a tree's trunk, there is not a shred of testimony or evidence that the Indian ever marked out the course of his paths by means of blazed trees. Upon consideration it seems beneath the dignity of such crafty woodsmen as were the aborigines of America to cut upon each succeeding tree a mark to guide them on the course; it also would require an amount of labor and patience which has seldom, if ever, been accredited to them. True, the trees, next to the stars, were the pilot of

[5] There was an Indian village "Standing Stone" near Lancaster, Ohio; and another by the same name on the Juniata in Pennsylvania, mentioned in Weiser's *Journal* under date of August 18, 1748. See Pownall's map. There was a well-known Kentucky village "Painted Stone" near Shelbyville.—Collins's *History of Kentucky*, vol. i., p. 13.

the Indian, but it was to the heavy moss on their southern sides and the ragged branches on the northwestern sides that he looked -- not to the white blaze which the clumsy European made and depended upon. It will be remembered that, after the siege at Bryant's Station, Kentucky, the unsuccessful Indian horde attempted the scheme of luring the white man out by feigning a retreat. Accordingly, they deserted their camp suddenly in the night, leaving meat unroasted upon the spits and garments scattered about, as though their flight were a precipitous rout. Among other means by which they let their pursuers know which way they fled, a historian affirms that they blazed their course upon the trees so that there would be no doubt of their pursuers falling into their craftily laid ambush. The whites followed the blazes — though this, and other un-Indian signs, made such men as Boone suspicious — and the bloody and fatal massacre at Blue Licks was the result. This is one of the few recorded cases of Indians blazing trees, and nothing could be better evidence that such was not a

custom of the race. The keen eye of a savage, who, by looking at a track in the sand, could tell how many days old it was, needed not a blazed tree or sign-stone to tell him the direction of a broken path. If there is any evidence that Indians ever made efforts to outwardly mark the course of any of their thoroughfares, it is not to be found in the most trustworthy records of the first white men who entered the Indians' land. Indian hieroglyphics announcing their triumphs in war may yet be seen at low tide on rocks in certain of our rivers, and rough blazes made centuries ago by Frenchmen who first crossed the portages of the West have been brought to light by removing earth from the trunks of old trees along the trail,[6] but the Indian land-thoroughfares were not marked.

Wrote an early student, " Indeed all the Indians have this Knowledge to a very great Degree of practical Purpose. They are very attentive to the Positions of the Sun and Stars, and on the Lakes can steer

[6] See *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents;* vol. xxxvii., p. 33 ; also Baker's *St. Joseph-Kankakee Portage.*

their Course by them. The different Aspects which the Hills exhibit on the North Side, from that which the South has impressed on their Eyes, suggest, habitually, at the Moment, in every Spot, an almost intuitive Knowledge of the Quarters of the Heavens which we, mechanically, mark by the Compass. This, at the first Blush, may appear incredible to some; but it may be explained even to the most incredulous. Can any, the most inattentive Observer, be at a Loss to pronounce, in a Moment, which is the North or South Side of any Building in the Country? The same difference between the South or North Aspect of a Mountain or a Hill, or even a Tree, is equally striking to the Attention of an Indian; and is much more strongly marked by that Accuracy with which he views these Objects; he sees it instantly, and has, from Habit, this Impression continually on his Mind's Eye, and will mark his courses as he runs, more readily than most Travellers who steer by the Compass. The Ranges of the Mountains, the Courses of the Rivers, the Bearings of the Peaks, the Knobs and Gaps in the Mountains, are

all Land Marks, and Picture the Face of the Country on his Mind." These were the words of Governor Pownall of the Massachusetts Bay colony, given in his *A Topographical Description of the Middle British Colonies*, written in 1776.

The lowland trails, as has been observed, suffered severely from floods and were, undoubtedly, completely lost, never again to be traversed as they once had been. The northern trails, also, were buried in snow. The records of the brave Catholic missionaries north of the great lakes are replete with testimony of trails buried deep in the snow, rendering traveling temporarily uncertain. "The roads," wrote one missionary, "were very difficult on account of the newly fallen snows, which obliterated the trails."[7] Elsewhere one records, "There was everywhere three feet of snow; and no paths had yet been made."[8] "We departed," wrote another Father, "therefore, on the 13th and reached home very late at night, after considerable

[7] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. xx., p. 45.

[8] *Id.*, vol. xii., p. 261.

trouble — for the paths were only about half a foot wide where the snow would sustain one, and if you turned ever so little to the right or left you were in it half way up to your thighs."[9] However, the winter season was best for traveling in the northern country, for the snow, when once packed, made the paths more even,[10] and when the fall of snow was not too great the smooth surface of ice on river and lake offered a free passage-way unknown during the other seasons of the year. "We have twice come near dying in the roads; once it was on a frozen lake."[11] In Canada, with rivers running practically east and west, the water-ways were the great routes of travel, and the missionaries called the land and water-ways "roads" indiscriminately: "The whole length of the road [from the Huron country to Quebec] is full of rapids and precipices."[12] Again: ". . . . over various rivers and many lakes, which had to be reached by roads the mere remem-

[9] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. xxii., p. 307.

[10] *Id.*, vol. xviii., p. 39.

[11] *Id.*, vol. xx., p. 99.

[12] *Id.*, vol. xxii., p. 307.

brance of which fills me with horror." [13]

A most vivid and interesting account of a journey made two centuries and a half ago through the primeval forests of Canada is left us in the writings of the brave Father Buteux, concerning a journey made northward from the St. Lawrence to the country of the Attikamègues in the year 1651: [14]

"On the 27th of March we started, four Frenchmen together — namely, Monsieur de Normanville and myself, with our two men — accompanied by about forty Savages, both adults and children. A squad of soldiers went with us the first day, for fear of the Iroquois. The weather was fine, but was not good for us on account of the heat of the Sun, which thawed the snow; this impeded our trains, and loaded our snow-shoes, and even put us in peril of sinking into the water. I was suddenly endangered by a piece of ice that gave way under my feet; and had it not been for the assistance of a soldier, who held out his hand to me,

[13] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. xxxvii., p. 10.

[14] *Id.*, vol. xxxvii., pp. 19–37.

I would not have been able to save myself from destruction, owing to the rapidity of the current that flowed beneath me. The first day's journey was amid continual rapid torrents and cataracts falling over precipices,— causing a great deal of thin ice which was very dangerous and very troublesome, because we were compelled to walk with our feet and snowshoes in the water, making the latter very slippery when we had to climb up ice-cliffs near falls or precipices. We passed four of these on that day; and all the distance we could get over was about six leagues, although we walked from morning until night. The end of the day was harder than the beginning, owing to a cold wind that froze our shoes and our stockings, which had been wet since morning. Our escort of soldiers, who were little accustomed to such fatigue, was disheartened; and it was still more so when, at night, it was necessary to encamp in the midst of the snow, as in a sepulchre in the ground.

"On the second day after our departure, we dismissed our escort, and advanced toward the upper part of the river. At a

distance of a mile from our halting-place, we came to a waterfall which barred our way. We had to climb over three mountains, the last of which is of enormous height; then we felt the weight of our trains and our snowshoes. When we came to descend on the other side of these precipices, there was no other way but to let our trains slide from the top to the bottom, the height of the fall causing them to go beyond the middle of the river, which at that point may be about four hundred paces wide. At a distance of about a league from each other, there were three other cataracts of prodigious height, over which the river falls with a horrible noise and wonderful impetuosity, forming high icebergs, the mere sight of which inspires fear. Through these places full of horrors we had to walk, or rather to drag ourselves, as if on all fours. Finally, we stopped on the summit of a mountain that was very difficult to pass over. This day's journey was very hard, and every one was fatigued with the march of eleven whole hours, and with hauling his load like a horse that draws a plough, without taking either rest or food.

"On the third day, we struck our camp early in the morning, and walked upon the river, which was still frozen all along its course, and very wide at that point. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the mirage made some branches of trees that had fallen into the river, and showed above it, assume the shape of men; every one thought that they were a band of Iroquois who were lying in wait for us on our passage. Some young men were sent to reconnoiter, and they reported that it was the enemy. Thereupon, all the Christians prepared themselves to receive absolution, and the Catechumens to be Baptized. After that, the Captain exhorted his people to the fight by a most Christian harangue, placing his trust in God; all resolved to conquer or to die. On approaching, the enemy proved to be an imaginary one, but the sentiments of devotion were quite firm in their hearts; and I can truly say that I have never seen greater or more filial confidence in God than that which I have admired among these people, either in their sicknesses or their famines or in the fear of the enemy. . . .

"The fifth and sixth days were very different, and still they were both alike as regards the fatigues of the road. It rained the whole of the first, and it was very fine on the second; but both were very inconvenient because the snow, melted by the rays of the Sun, loaded our snowshoes and our trains. To avoid this, we were compelled on the ten following days to start very early in the morning, before the ice and snow had time to thaw.

"On the seventh day, we walked from three in the morning until one in the afternoon, in order to reach an Island, and to say holy Mass there on Palm Sunday. I said it, but I really endured in my own person some of the sufferings of the Passion of our good Master, and a thirst which glued my tongue to the roof of my mouth. . . .

"On the eighth day, to avoid the rapid torrents and the dangers of the river,— the ice on which was beginning to break up, and could not have borne us,— we entered the woods by a valley between two mountains. It was nothing but a mass of old trees overthrown by the winds, which blocked up a

very bad road, over which we had great difficulty in proceeding with our snowshoes on our feet, as they caught in the branches of those trees. Finally, beyond the declivity of the land, we reached a mountain, so high that it took us more than three hours to reach its summit. In addition to hauling my train, I held in my arms a little child three years old, the son of my host. I carried him in order to relieve his mother, who was loaded with another child, besides her baggage, on her train. Beyond the mountain, we came to a great lake which must be crossed; every step that we took made us think of death, and made us fear that we would be swallowed up by the waters. We sank in it up to our knees, and deeper still, beneath the upper layer of ice, which was thinner, while the second stopped us from sinking farther. Frequently the road was too slippery, and a false step would occasion a bad fall; and not only the legs, but the whole body, would be immersed in the water.

"The ninth day was an extraordinary one, as regards both the length of the road,— amid several lakes and rapid rivers,

and the descent of mountains,— and the time consumed in it, from early morning until evening. The fear that the lakes and rivers would thaw caused us to hasten our steps until we were extremely fatigued. From time to time, to cheer us amid the hardships of the road, we sang Hymns as we walked; our only consolation was to direct our thoughts toward God.

"On the tenth day, we walked past various mountains; we had to climb up and down until we reached a great lake, whose shores consist of perpendicular rocks, higher than any cliff in France.

"On the eleventh day, we started three hours before daylight to walk over the ice, which a cold wind had hardened; we were favored with the light of the Moon. When day came, we resumed our way through the woods and by mountains, intersected by lakes and very rapid rivers.

"On the twelfth day after the Office of Good Friday, and after having confessed several Savages,— who wished to separate from us, in order to take another road, and make some canoes,— we reached the summit of the mountains, and a small river, on

which we found some Beaver lodges; we killed six of these animals. Then we continued our route past three great lakes, in the last of which was an islet; here we slept on the snow, without erecting any cabins.

"The thirteenth day was the most fatiguing of all, for me; we started at three in the morning, by horrible roads, through brushwood so dense that at each step we had to look for a place whereon to put a foot or a snowshoe. I lost myself at various times, because the darkness prevented me from following the tracks of those who went before me. Afterward, we came to lakes that were quite slippery and on which it was very dangerous to walk without snowshoes for fear of falling through the ice; but it was extremely difficult to walk on snowshoes there, because the surface of the lakes was roughened by the freezing of the melted snows. At noon, we halted; and I had the happiness of saying holy Mass. That was my only consolation, and from it I derived strength to endure so much fatigue. To restore my energy, they gave me a morsel of Beaver, that had been

kept over from the previous day for me. I offered it to Our Lord, as I had not yet eaten any of it, or any other meat throughout the whole of Lent.

"On the fourteenth day after our departure,— which was Easter Sunday, and the ninth of the month of April,— it was very consoling to me to see how Our Lord was honored by our band. . . .

"On the tenth of April, we started early in the morning; the rain, which had fallen throughout the night, had thawed the first layer of ice on the lakes, and the snow in the woods,— so that we had to walk in water up to our knees, and with snowshoes on our feet for fear of breaking through the lower ice. After having crossed four lakes, we reached the one on which my host usually has his abode." [15]

An Indian thoroughfare met frequent cross-trails, and was paralleled at intervals by offshoots which circled about to the right or left, coming back to the main trunk when the desired points were touched. The smaller trails were perhaps entirely

[15] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. xxxvii., pp. 19–33.

like the main trails save that they were less used at many seasons of the year. The meeting-place of two great Indian trails was an historic spot, not to be forgotten by the scout, guide, or geographer. They were vital points in the country and often became landmarks. A narrow Indian trail, portage, or junction became in more than one instance the boundary line of the United States. A post or pillar was sometimes raised to mark the junction of two routes. Here large cleared spaces were formed where Indian peddlers plied their trade and Indian orators appealed to listening audiences.

CHAPTER II

DIVISIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS

INDIAN thoroughfares may be divided into Hunting, War, Portage, River, and Trade trails.

The hunting trails led from an Indian nation's villages to its hunting-grounds and through them. For these hunting-grounds were not always near at hand. The forests around the villages soon became devoid of game and the hunters were compelled to go each year to a greater distance from home. Consequently it became the custom of the stronger tribes and confederacies to obtain, by conquest or unopposed occupation, large tracts of distant forests which became their own peculiar property, and into which vagrant hunters from other nations came only on peril of their lives or freedom. These tracts, which were denominated "hunting-grounds," were stable and well defined, and, as among the Bedouin tribes

of the Levant the degree of the conqueror's victory over his adversary was measured by the number of sheep and camels he purloined as trophy of war, so among the American Indians the victory of a nation was not infrequently measured by the extent of new hunting-grounds in which it might thereafter roam without challenge. These areas were a nation's pride and came first in the catalogue of its riches and power — and, thus, the Happy Hunting-Ground, of wide extent, rich in game, which no ruthless conqueror could wrest away, was the Indian's conception of a blessed life hereafter.

To these hunting-grounds "well-beaten hunting-paths"[16] were made. Frequently, when the hunting-grounds were at a distance from the home-land, the hunters went to them, if possible, on water-ways, as in the case of the Iroquois who held, for a period, the territory between the Blue Ridge and Great Lakes as their hunting-ground to which they came in great fleets upon the "Oyo" and its northern tributa-

[16] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. lxiii., p. 169.

ries, or the Ottawas, who, while they lived near Detroit, came to the hunting-grounds on the Wabash and Miami to the south, which they claimed.[17]

Once on the ground, the parties separated and sought their quarry by various routes. In such a manner, it is easy to believe, many of the Indian thoroughfares which afterward were put to so many uses, were originally made. There is little doubt, however, that the routes broken long before by buffalo and pre-Columbian Indians were found and followed and served as main thoroughfares. With hunting-lodges built at convenient points on these thoroughfares, the minor cross-trails were broken to and fro along the watersheds and from the rivers upward and inland.

The war trails were what the name implies — routes to and from the home-lands of hostile confederacies, nations, or tribes. The higher a nation mounts in the plane of civilization the better it is known for its joys; the lower it sinks the more famous it becomes for its hatreds. If the Indian

[17] Croghan's *Journal*, "The Olden Time," vol. i., pp. 414–415.

left us little of profit, he certainly left us the memory of countless, immemorial hatreds which perhaps are not equaled in the annals of human history. Nothing points more strikingly to the low plane of civilization which he occupied. The animosity of a Roman for a Carthaginian was nothing beside the hatred of an Iroquois for an Algonquin, a Shawanese for a Catawba, a Seneca for a Wyandot. These hatreds grew with the years and even centuries; they were so bitter that children were trained to undergo cruel torture at home without uttering complaint, lest when tortured by their foes they should some time give way to lamentation and disgrace their tribe.

"On the war path" is a common expression, but a little study of this subject would convince one that when those words are written, the article "the" should be italicized for emphasis — "on *the* war path." Not every Indian trail was a war path; indeed the number, compared with the whole number of trails, was exceedingly small. Looking at the Central West, for example, in the days of Indian régime,

when it was known and mapped by white explorers, two or three great war paths are found, and only two or three. These run from the lake country southward into the lands below the Blue Ridge and Cumberland ranges. Each was known as the Great War Trail and each was doubtless trodden hard through many years by hurrying ochered cohorts burning with a hatred imbibed with their mother's milk. Upon these trails the Iroquois in early days made war on the Cherokees or Catawbas, as, within historic times, the Shawanese and Miamis were known to do. Such maps as those by Filson, Hutchins, and Heckewelder give no "war trails" in all the Indian-inhabited country north of the Ohio save the two or three great war paths southward. Thus, in the earliest days of which we know, the "Warriors' Path" was known throughout the length and breadth of the land and was a highway not to be followed lightly even in times of peace, if indeed there ever was an hour of peace between the southern confederacies and those to the north.

The war path was a deeper, wider, harder

trail than any other early Indian thoroughfare, flanked by a thousand secret hiding-places and lined with a long succession of open spots where warring parties were wont to camp. Who may ever write the real story of the great "Warriors' Path" which ran southward through western Pennsylvania from the home-land of the Iroquois? What scenes of carnage have not those Alleghany ranges witnessed in all the years gone by! The long journeys on the war path, which was more of a "thoroughfare" than any trail, keenly tested the savage's endurance. Swiftly he journeyed many miles for a sudden stroke upon his enemy, enduring the while any lack of food and water without complaint. Food was all about him if the need was pressing, and some food could always be carried. But water was not always at hand, and this the Indian seldom, if ever, carried.

It is probably impossible for us of today to imagine what springs were worth to the first travelers on these primitive thoroughfares of America. We hardly notice, unless by a complaint, when our trains of today

pause a moment in their struggle with mountain grades beside our modern watering-places; but should a water tank once be found destroyed when we have reached it, necessitating a long delay until assistance arrived, it would be more keenly realized what water is worth to engine, beast, and man on high lands — and here the long thoroughfares of the Indian lay. A good, never-failing spring in the old West was known to a continent, and a geographer would more readily have been forgiven the omission of a range of mountains than the omission of a single spring from his map. Journeys were always made from "water" to "water." "Go on to the next water," was Washington's command to his scoundrel guide on the return from Fort La Bœuf. And the "next water" was ever the eagerly sought goal of a million early toilers on the first pathways of America. As may hereafter appear, springs of water determined not a little the distribution of population in certain portions of the country, even as originally they determined the course of the Indian thoroughfares.

The ancient war trails were forgotten as the encroachments of the Europeans came on apace and as the Indian nations became fitfully allied with one or another of the white contestants for their land. Then it was, indeed, that all Indian trails became war paths — a thing that never happened before the white man came! From the first outbreak of Dunmore's war until the Indian confederacy in the north was blasted by the campaign of Mad Anthony Wayne at Fallen Timbers, all the paths of the Central West were war paths and all were dyed with blood. If the northern and southern Indians had never contested for Kentucky before the white man entered that fair domain, the battles fought on the war paths there would yet have made the gloomy title "the dark and bloody ground" the most appropriate that could have been devised. And, rather than one great Warriors' Path leading southward, the Revolutionary maps show "General Clark's War Road" and "Bird's War Road," and other trails appropriately described, "a bloody battle fought here."[18] The evolution of

[18] See Filson's Map.

Indian war paths and trails to military roadways of the whites will command more elaborate study in a future volume.

The portage paths were among the most important of all classes of Indian thoroughfares, and will be treated more at length in an independent study. Their purpose and characteristics should be noted here. As the name implies, portage paths were the routes by which the Indians made their way between adjacent bodies of water. They were essentially the land paths of those who traveled by water, over which canoes and baggage were carried. These may be classified, according to the circumstance of their environment, into river portages, or carrying-places about unnavigable portions of a river, headwater portages, or the path between the heads of two or more rivers, lake and lake portages or lake and river portages, the carrying-places between two lakes or between a lake and a river.

The portages, as a rule, were the most strategic portions of the interior of the continent; in times of war they were continually watched and guarded, and in times

of peace they were filled with voyageurs and traders, explorers and missionaries, passing to and fro. Trading houses, forts, chapels, villages, cities grew up here. They were often the boundaries of empire, at least when the white man dictated the boundary. Indians were not accustomed to employ rivers as boundary lines, and, as we turn the pages of history, it is the sign of a significant innovation when Indians are found agreeing to rivers as boundary lines — a trifle, which, nevertheless, shows new influence gaining over the land. The great old-time significance of portages is nowhere shown more effectively than in the passage of the great Ordinance of 1787, which reads:

"The navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the carrying places between the same, shall be common highways, and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of the said territory as to the citizens of the United States, and those of any other states that may be admitted into the confederacy, without any tax, impost, or duty therefore." [19]

[19] Ordinance of 1787, Article iv.

One of the most vivid pictures remaining to us of an old-time journey is that left by George Croghan, who was taken prisoner on the Ohio and taken to Detroit. His description of the route, and especially the portages, is realistic:

"8th [June, 1765] — After dividing the plunder, (they left great part of the heaviest effects behind, not being able to carry them), they set off with us to their village at Ouitacanon, in a great hurry, being in dread of a pursuit from a large party of Indians they suspected were coming after me. Our course was through a thick woody country, crossing a great many swamps, morasses, and beaver ponds. We traveled this day about forty-two miles.

"9th — An hour before day we set out on our march; passed through thick woods, some highlands, and small savannahs, badly watered. Traveled this day about thirty miles.

"10th — We set out very early in the morning, and marched through a high country, extremely well timbered, for three hours; then came to a branch of the Oua-

bache, which we crossed. The remainder of this day we traveled through fine rich bottoms, overgrown with reeds, which make the best pasture in the world, the young reeds being preferable to sheaf oats. Here is great plenty of wild game of all kinds. Came this day about twenty-eight, or thirty miles.

"11th [1765] — At day break we set off, making our way through a thin woodland, interspersed with savannahs. . . .

"12th — We passed through some large savannahs, and clear woods; in the afternoon we came to the Ouabache; then marched along it through a prodigious rich bottom, overgrown with reeds and wild hemp; all this bottom is well watered, and an exceeding fine hunting ground. Came this day about thirty miles.

"13th — About an hour before day we set out; traveled through such bottoms as of yesterday, and through some large meadows, where no trees, for several miles, are to be seen. Buffaloes, deer, and bears are here in plenty. We traveled about twenty-six miles this day.

"14th — The country we traveled this

day, appears the same as described yesterday, excepting this afternoon's journey through woodland, to cut off a bend of the river. Came about twenty-seven miles this day.

"15th — We set out very early, and about one o'clock came to the Ouabache, within six or seven miles of Port Vincent [Vincennes]. . . .

"16th — We were obliged to stay here to get some little apparel made up for us, and to buy some horses for our journey to Ouicatonon, promising payment at Detroit. . . .

"17th — At mid-day we set out; traveling the first five miles through a fine thick wood. . . .

"18th and 19th — We traveled through a prodigious large meadow, called the Pyankeshaw's Hunting Ground. . . .

"20th and 21st — We passed through some very large meadows, part of which belong to the Pyankeshaws on Vermilion River.

"22d — We passed through a part of the same meadow as mentioned yesterday; then came to a high woodland, and

arrived at Vermilion River. . . . We then traveled about three hours, through a clear high woody country, but a deep and rich soil; then came to a meadow, where we encamped.

"23d — Early in the morning we set out through a fine meadow, then some clear woods; in the afternoon came into a very large bottom on the Ouabache, within six miles of Ouicatanon. . . .

"July 25th — We set out from this place (after settling all matters happily with the natives) for the Miames, and traveled the whole day through a fine rich bottom, overgrown with wild hemp, alongside the Ouabache, till we came to Eel River, where we arrived the 27th. . . .

"28th, 29th, 30th and 31st — We traveled still alongside the Eel River, passing through fine clear woods, and some good meadows. . . .

"August 1st — We arrived at the carrying place between the River Miames and the Ouabache, which is about nine miles long in dry seasons, but not above half that length in freshes. The head of the Ouabache is about forty miles from this

place, and after a course of about seven hundred and sixty miles from the head spring, through one of the finest countries in the world, it empties into the Ohio. The navigation from hence to Ouicatanon, is very difficult in low water, on account of many rapids and rifts; but in freshes, which generally happen in the spring and fall, batteaux or canoes will pass, without difficulty, from here to Ouicatanon in three days, which is about two hundred and ten miles. From Ouicatanon to Port Vincent, and thence to the Ohio, batteaux and canoes may go at any season of the year. Throughout the whole course of the Ouabache the banks are pretty high, and in the river are a great many islands. Many shrubs and trees are found here unknown to us. . . .

"On the 6th of August we set out for Detroit down the Miame river in a canoe. This river heads about ten miles from hence. The river is not navigable till you come to the place where the river St. Joseph joins it, and makes a considerably large stream, nevertheless we found a great deal of difficulty in getting our canoe

over the shoals, as the waters at this season were very low. The banks of the river are high, and the country overgrown with lofty timber of various kinds; the land is level, and the woods clear. About ninety miles from the Miames or Twightwee, we came to where a large river, that heads in a large lick, falls into the Miame river; this they call the Forks. The Ottawas claim this country, and hunt here, where game is very plenty. From hence we proceeded to the Ottawa village. This nation formerly lived at Detroit, but is now settled here, on account of the richness of the country, where game is always to be found in plenty. Here we were obliged to get out of our canoes, and drag them eighteen miles, on account of the rifts which interrupt the navigation. At the end of these rifts we came to a village of the Wyandotts, who received us very kindly, and from thence we proceeded to the mouth of this river, where it falls into Lake Erie. . . . On the 16th of August, in the afternoon, we arrived at Detroit river. . . .

"17th — In the morning we arrived at the fort. . . . September 26th — Set out

from Detroit for Niagara; passed Lake Erie along the north shore in a birch canoe, and arrived the eighth of October at Niagara. The navigation of the lake is dangerous for batteaux or canoes, by reason that the lake is very shallow for a considerable distance from the shore. The bank for several miles is high and steep, and affords a harbor for a single batteau. The lands in general, between Detroit and Niagara, are high, and the soil good, with several fine rivers falling into the lake. The distance from Detroit to Niagara is computed three hundred miles."[20]

Mr. Croghan does not mention a river portage path, undoubtedly because it was not considered worthy of mention. Often the portage path in a river portage followed the river bed closely, so that canoes could be dragged in the water if it was not too swift or too shallow. A brave Catholic missionary wrote concerning his journey up the St. Lawrence that the canoes were carried (over portages whose length varied from one to ten miles) thirty-five times and

[20] Croghan's *Journal*, "The Olden Time," vol. i., pp. 409–415.

dragged fifty times by actual count.[21] Another exulted that he had "travelled three leagues up the river without finding any portage!"[22]

The river trails, as the name suggests, were the thoroughfares which followed the river valleys. Some of these were of great importance; many were not. It is surprising how the Indian ignored certain of the finest of our river valleys as village sites. No river of the second class in all the Central West today is more important than the lower Muskingum on which the government has spent millions for slack-water navigation. Yet, while the upper and narrower portion of the river was dotted with Indian villages and lodges, there is no evidence to show that the splendid stretch of seventy-five miles from the mouth of the Licking to the Ohio contained a single Indian village, though an ancient clearing was found by early explorers near Beverly. Accordingly, the Muskingum trail, which was a route of greatest impor-

[21] *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. viii., p. 77.

[22] *Id.*, vol. lix., p. 181.

tance for a century, did not follow the river to the Ohio but struck across from "Big Rock," near Roxbury, to the Ohio at the mouth of the Little Kanawha.

Our classification overlaps, necessarily. Every river trail was, between the rivers, the portage path already described, and many a river trail was a famous war trail. However, a distinction is easily remarked. The river trails followed, to a considerable extent, the windings of each river. But this was not done blindly, and the study of any river trail affords one of the most interesting illustrations of the genius of brute and savage instinct. The highlands were the routes of the river trails, and, as in the nature of a river valley the configuration of the topography is usually exceedingly broken, the courses of these valley trails portray a single choice where there was on every hand, almost, an alternative to be studied and ignored. Now, the trail mounts a long ridge which holds its even course, maybe, for several miles. Suddenly, the river swings off at right angles. Here, on the elbow, the explorer finds that a rivulet or creek breaks into the range.

The path feels its way by some better course than any other across the ravine. But, once on the high ground beyond, he finds that the path strikes out with utmost assurance in a straight line onward, ignoring entirely the river course. He puts his trust in the genius of those whose feet — now so long silent — broke it open, and goes on. Soon the path debouches smoothly out on the highlands above the water again, having gained several miles on the water-way, and followed a course as practicable as it is expeditious.

Thus the valley trails exhibit, to an excellent degree, the early instinct or genius of buffalo and Indian for selecting routes of least resistance; and, though a valley trail keeps within touch of the river, yet it often leaves it to skirt on to the next elbow by the shortest practicable route. Often, however, when a river trail thus leaves the river, a branch trace may be found to have followed the river's meanderings, joining the main trail where it swings back to the river. This was very often the case when Indian villages stood beside the river at a point where the

main valley trail had gone inland for a short cut as described.[23]

Another class of trails were those which became the great routes of trade and became known as fur routes or trader's paths. These routes followed any path which offered an expeditious and stable course to the objective points to be reached. For instance, the Sandusky-Richmond fur route was by way of several great river trails and a war path. But frequently, as time went on, the courses of the Indian ponies laden with peltry, and the white traders' ponies stocked with weapons, trinkets, and liquor, revolutionized the traveled ways of the interior of the continent.

[23] Map of the Overhill Cherokee towns by Timberlake, 1762, in *Twelfth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, plate xxvi., facing p. 368.

CHAPTER III

EARLY THOROUGHFARES WESTWARD

THE first great Indian thoroughfares westward offered connection from tide-water to the streams and valleys of the Mississippi basin. In part they were portage paths, the destination of each being really on a lake or river of the West. All were probably used over some portion of their extent as actual portages with the exception of the last. All marked out the paths of least resistance across the first divide as is significantly shown by the adoption of these routes by the greatest of our modern railway systems. There is no trunk railway across the Appalachian system today which is not in general alignment with one of these prehistoric thoroughfares. The route and prospective destinations of these cannot be presented better or more quickly to the eye than by means of simple charts:

NAME: Old Connecticut Path.

TERMINI: Boston and Albany.

ROUTE: Boston to Wayland, where the Old Bay Path branched off, Marlborough, Worcester, Oxford, Springfield, and on to Albany.

REMARKS: On the general present alignment of the Boston and Albany railway. For best map see "Interpretation of Woodward's and Saffery's Map of 1642, or the earliest Bay Path," *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, vol. lv., p. 155.

NAME: The Iroquois Trail.

TERMINI: Hudson river and Niagara river.

ROUTE: Ascended the Hudson and Mohawk valleys and took to the watershed between the streams flowing into Lake Erie and those flowing into the Susquehanna and Allegheny, passing westward to the Niagara.

REMARKS: The great watershed trail westward of the north, connecting the various doors of the "Long House," from the country of the Mohawks on the east to that of the Senecas in the far west. For best map, see Guy Johnson's.

LAKE ONTARIO
THE SIX NATIONS
ONONDAGAS
CAYUGAS
SENECAS
Part of Lake Erie
Ohio or Allegany River
Allegany Mountain
Pensylvania
Part of Massachusets Bay
Part of Connecticut
Oneida L.
Cayuga L.
Albany
Kaats Kill Mountains
Great Swamp
Canawagus
Chenussio
Onondarha
Karaghyadarha
Gistagnat
Canadarago
Onondaga
Oswego
Schohare
Cherry Vally
Shepherds
Hunter
Tuscarora Town
Kanestio
Genushage
Canaseraga
Tioga
Chughnut
Chenango
Unadilla
Tuscarora
Delaware
Susquehanna
Mohawk
Hudson
Kingston
Rhinebeck
Claverac
Lanesborough
Schenectady
Scohare
Batavia
Genesee
Lake Ontario
Oneida Lake
Fort Brewerton
Fort Ontario
Fort Schosser
Fort Hunter
Fort George
Fort Edward
Crown Pt.
Trembleau
Wood Creek
Lake George
Hudsons River
Mohawk River
Susquehanna
Tioga
Chemung
Tiadaghton
Kanadesaga
Onondaga
Oneida
Tuscarora
Canawagus
Chenussio
Genushage
Onondarha
Karaghyadarha
Gistagnat
Canadarago
Oswego
Chughnut
Chenango
Unadilla
Tioga
Kanestio
Schenectady
Albany
Cherry Vally
Shepherds
Hunter
Schohare
Batavia
Genesee
Claverac
Lanesborough
Kingston
Rhinebeck
Delaware
Susquehanna
Mohawk
Hudson
Great Swamp
Allegany Mountain
Pensylvania
Ohio or Allegany River
Part of Lake Erie
Part
Small Villages
Indian Path to the Lake
Falls very high
Great Falls
Fort Schosser
Fort Ontario
Fort Brewerton
Oneida L.
Cayuga L.
Glass L.
Canandaigua
Canaseraga
Tioga
Chughnut
Chenango
Unadilla
Tuscarora
Delaware
Susquehanna
Mohawk
Hudson
Kingston
Rhinebeck
Claverac
Lanesborough
Schenectady
Albany
Cherry Vally
Shepherds
Hunter
Schohare
Batavia
Genesee
Lake Ontario
Oneida Lake
Fort Brewerton
Fort Ontario
Fort Schosser
Fort Hunter
Fort George
Fort Edward
Crown Pt.
Trembleau
Wood Creek
Lake George
Hudsons River
Mohawk River
Susquehanna
Tioga
Chemung
Tiadaghton
Kanadesaga
Onondaga
Oneida
Tuscarora Town

NAME: The Kittanning Path.

TERMINI: Philadelphia and the Allegheny valley.

ROUTE: Ascended Juniata valley, through "Kittanning Gorge," westward to the Allegheny and Ohio.

REMARKS: Well known highway westward in the southern part of the Iroquois country, the northern line of the colonies striking the Allegheny at Kittanning. See map with Pownall's *Description of North America.*

NAME: Nemacolin's Path.

TERMINI: Potomac and Ohio rivers.

ROUTE: Main early routes westward from Virginia and Maryland converged on the Potomac at Wills Creek; ran west through the mountains passing upper Youghiogheny at "Little Crossings," Great Meadows, Gist's Plantation on Mount Braddock; crossed the main Youghiogheny at "Stewart's Crossings" (Connellsville, Pennsylvania), and ran down the "Point" to present site of Pittsburg.

REMARKS: Most important route during the old French War to the Ohio valley; used as a traders' path from earliest times. For maps, see Sparks's *Writings of Washington*, also, Middleton's map with Atkinson's description, *Olden Time*, vol. ii., p. 544.

NAME: Virginia Warriors' Path.

TERMINI: Virginia and Kentucky.

ROUTE: Ascended the Shenandoah valley to head of Clinch; through Cumberland Gap to head of Rockcastle creek; passed through Crab Orchard (Kentucky) and Danville (Kentucky) to "Falls of the Ohio" (Louisville, Kentucky).

REMARKS: Traders' route to Kentucky and Tennessee; explorers' route thither; course of early westward immigrations to Kentucky and of Boone's Wilderness Road built in Revolutionary period. For map see Speed's *Wilderness Road*.

While lacking the definiteness usual in a preliminary presentation, there is something gained in instant prospective offered by the foregoing tables. Consider them briefly in the order given.

THE OLD CONNECTICUT PATH

The Old Connecticut Path ran from Boston and Cambridge through Marlborough, Grafton, Oxford, Springfield, to Albany, the capital of New York. A portion of the course was covered by the historic Bay Path at Wayland, Massachusetts, and ran through Worcester and rejoined the Old Connecticut Path, east of Springfield. A parallel path was known as the New Connecticut Path which started at Cambridge and ran through Worcester to Albany.

The Bay Path is best known.[24] In Holland's novel bearing that title is a description which should be preserved:

"It was marked by trees a portion of the distance and by slight clearings of

[24] For map of Bay Path, together with an article on its route, see "Interpretation of Woodward's and Saffery's Map of 1642, or the earliest Bay Path," *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, vol. lv., p. 155.

brush and thicket for the remainder. No stream was bridged, no hill was graded, and no marsh drained. The path led through woods which bore the marks of the centuries, over barren hills that had been licked by the Indian's hounds of fire, and along the banks of streams that the seine had never dragged. . . . A powerful interest was attached to the Bay Path. It was the channel through which laws were communicated, through which flowed news from distant friends, and through which came long, loving letters and messages. . . . That rough thread of soil, chopped by the blades of a hundred streams, was a bond that radiated at each terminus into a thousand fibres of love and interest, and hope and memory. Every rod had been prayed over, by friends on the journey and friends at home." [25]

Alice Morse Earle also writes entertainingly of the Bay Path:

"Born in a home almost by the wayside of the old Bay Path, I feel deeply the inexplicable charm which attaches itself to these old paths or trails. I have ridden

[25] Holland's *Bay-Path*, p. 70.

hundreds of miles on these various Indian paths and I ever love to trace the roadway where it is now the broad travelled road, and where it turns aside in an overgrown and narrow lane which is today almost as neglected and wild as the old path. There still seems to cling to it something of the human interest ever found in a foot-path across a pasture, or up a wooded hill, full of charm, of suggestion, of sentiment." [26]

The Old Connecticut Path was centuries old, no doubt, when it was established as a permanent thoroughfare by the General Court which occurred after the establishment of the Plymouth Path (between the capitals of the two colonies) in 1639.

IROQUOIS TRAIL

The great Iroquois Trail ran from the Hudson to Niagara through the territory of the Six Nations. It marked out what has been since time prehistoric, and is now, one of the great thoroughfares of America. Following the Mohawk river valley it found, near Fort Stanwix (Rome, New York), the great watershed between the

[26] Earle's *Stage Coach and Tavern Days*, p. 225.

heads of the lake rivers and those flowing southward into Susquehanna and Allegheny. This watershed was followed westward two hundred miles to Fort Sclosser (as Guy Johnson's map gives it) on Niagara river just south of the falls, making the Iroquois trail one of the longest independent thoroughfares on the continent.

Clearing the valley of the Mohawk, the Iroquois trail entered the "Long House," as the territory of the Six Nations was familiarly known in pre-Revolutionary days. It ran first through Oneida, the capital of the country of the Oneidas, situated just south of the lake bearing that name. Passing along the watershed, Onondaga (near Syracuse, New York), the capital of the Onondagas, was the next village of importance. This was the great meeting-place of the Six Nations where, through many years, the orator's appeal so often decided for peace or war. From Onondaga the great trail turned southward to keep clear of the valley of the Seneca until that river was crossed in the country of the Cayugas, a little west of their capital, Cayuga

(near Auburn, New York). Keeping north of Seneca and Cayuga lakes, the trail bore straight west into the country of the famed Senecas who kept well the western door of the "Long House," and then turned slightly north to the watershed between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario which it pursued to the Niagara river. The main villages passed in the Seneca country were Canadasegy (Canandaigua, New York), Canadaragey (near Batavia), Chenufsio and Canawagus.[27]

Some of the trails of the Seneca country have been traced by Mr. George H. Harris, who also describes the great Iroquois trail and has interesting words on Indian trails in general:

"While the march of civilization had advanced beyond the Genesee to the north and west, the hunting-grounds of the Senecas were still in their primitive state, and the cycle of a century is not yet complete [1884] since the white man came into actual possession of the land and became ac-

[27] Following Guy Johnson's map "of the Country of the VI. Nations, 1771," see O'Callaghan's *Documentary History of New York*, vol. iv., p. 1090.

quainted with its topographical features. To the pale-faced adventurer of the seventeenth century to whom all this vast territory was an unexplored blank, viewing the land from his birchen canoe on Lake Ontario, the bays, rivers and larger creeks presented the only feasible routes by which it could be entered and traversed, yet, once within its borders, the hardy explorer found the country marked by an intricate net-work of foot paths which spread in every direction. These dark wood lanes unknown to civilized man, their soil heretofore pressed only by the feet of Indians and wild beasts, will ever be known in history as the 'trails of the Genesee.' They were the highways and byways of the native inhabitants, the channels of communication between nations, tribes and scattering towns, in which there was a never-ceasing ebb and flow of humanity.

"The origin of these trails and the selection of the routes pursued were natural results of the every-day necessities and inclinations of the nomadic race first inhabiting the land, and time had gradually fashioned the varying interests of succes-

sive generations into a crude system of general thoroughfares to which all minor routes led. To find the beginning and end of these grand trails one might traverse the continent in a fruitless search, for, like the broader roads of the present population, many of which follow the old trail courses, the beaten paths extended from ocean to ocean, from the southern point of Patagonia to the country of the Eskimos, where they were lost in the ever-shifting mantle of snow covering the land of ice — and the trails of the Genesee were but a local division of the mighty complication.

"In general appearance these roads did not differ in any particular from the ordinary woods or meadow paths of the present day. They were narrow and winding, but usually connected the objective points by as direct a course as natural obstacles would permit. In the general course of a trail three points were carefully considered — first, seclusion; second, directness; and third, a dry path. The trail beaten was seldom over fifteen inches wide, passing to the right or left of trees or other obstacles, around swamps and occasionally over the

apex of elevations, though it generally ran a little one side of the extreme top, especially in exposed situations. Avoiding open places save in the immediate neighborhood of towns and camps, it was universally shaded by forest trees. A somber silence, now and then interrupted by the notes of birds or the howling of beasts, reigned along these paths. Fallen trees and logs were never removed, the trail was either continued over or took a turn around them. The Indians built no bridges, small streams were forded or crossed on logs, while rivers and lakes were ferried on rafts or in canoes.

"The main trail of the Iroquois extended from Hudson, on the Hudson river below Albany, westwardly to Buffalo, crossing the Genesee at Cannawaugus — now Avon. From Canandaigua lake a branch ran northwest to the head of Irondequoit bay, then to the Genesee falls, and along the lake ridge to the Niagara river at Lewiston. This was the grand line of communication between the Five Nations, and the ultimate destination of every other trail in the present state of New York. Along its

silent course the swiftest runners of the Iroquois bore their messages of peace or war with a speed and physical endurance incredible. . . .

"Their wandering, hunter life and habit of intent observation rendered the Iroquois familiar with every foot of land in their territory, enabling them to select the choicest locations for abode. Towns were frequently moved from place to place, new trails worn and old ones abandoned to stray hunters and wild animals. Trails leading to or along the edge of water were usually permanent. Hardly a stream but bore its border line of trail upon either bank. From the shore of Lake Ontario to the headwaters of the Genesee, trails followed every curve of the river as closely as natural obstacles would permit, and branches led up the sides of tributary creeks.

"Trails converged on the Genesee in the vicinity of Rochester at two places, the ridge north of lower falls, and the rapids some eighty rods below the mouth of Red creek. The passage of the river north of the lower falls was effected in canoes or on rafts; in the absence of either or both, the

aboriginal traveller plunged into the water and stemmed the strong current with his brawny arm. Before the white man obstructed its channel with dams the Genesee was one continuous rapid from Red creek to the south line of the present Erie canal aqueduct. An Indian ford existed at a shallow place near the immediate line of the present race-dam, between the jail and the weigh-lock, but was never in such general use as the upper ford below Red creek where the river could be more easily crossed by footmen.

"The great trail coming west from Canandaigua on the present route of the Pittsford road divided a few rods east of Allen's creek. The main trail turned to the north over a low ridge, across the present [1884] farm of the venerable Charles M. Barnes and down a gully to Allen's creek. The ford was exactly at the arch through which the waters now pass under the great embankment of the New York Central railroad. Following the west bank to a point where the creek turned directly to the right, the trail left the stream and curving gradually to the west along the base of a

high bluff ran up a narrow gully to the table-land. Taking a northwest course from this point it passed the brick residence of D. McCarthy, crossed a trail running to the fishing resort on Irondequoit creek and at the distance of one hundred rods again curved to the west along a short slope, striking the line of the present road on the farm of Judge Edmund Kelley. In the side of this slope were numerous springs near which the Indians frequently camped. . . . From these springs a trail ran directly north half a mile and turned east down the hillside to the famous Indian landing on Irondequoit creek. Along this road, between the springs and the landing, was located the famed Tyron's Town, of Gerundegut, founded by Judge John Tyron about 1798. From Tyron's Town the main trail continued its northwest course to the Thomas road, some rods north of University avenue [Rochester]. . . . A trail came from Caledonia Springs east by way of Mumford, Scottsville, Chili and Gates to Red creek ford in South Rochester. This was the general thoroughfare from the Indian towns near

the Canaseraga creek to the lower Genesee and Lake Ontario. It was down this trail that Butler's rangers fled, after the massacre of Boyd and Parker at Little Beard's Town in 1779, on their way to the mouth of the river." [28]

It is interesting to notice that the most famous ford of the Genesee was at the mouth of a creek and bore the name "Red Creek ford."

THE KITTANNING PATH

One of the main thoroughfares westward was a trail leading from Philadelphia up the Susquehanna and Juniata and over the mountains at Kittanning gorge — which takes its name from the destination of the road through it, Kittanning, on the Allegheny.

The name is a corruption of "Kit-hanne," signifying "the main stream." Though the name referred originally to the Allegheny river as a whole, it soon came to be applied to the Indian villages that covered both banks of the river at the spot

[28] Harris's *Aboriginal Occupation of the Lower Genesee Country*, pp. 36–40; for additional mention of local trails near Rochester, see *id.*, pp. 40–47.

where the great boundary line between the northern colonies and the Six Nations (established at Fort Stanwix — Rome, New York — November 5, 1768) struck the Allegheny river. Kittanning, therefore, came at once into prominence as the most northernly village in the territory of the colonies, and the worn path thither came at once into a position of utmost importance.

Writes one who has studied the route of this old thoroughfare:

"Aughwick Valley is in the extreme southern part of Huntingdon county (Pennsylvania), and, if not a regular continuation of the Tuscarora Valley, it is at least one of the chain of valleys through whose entire length ran the celebrated Indian path from Kittanning to Philadelphia,— the great western highway for footmen and packhorses.

"This path, traces of which can yet (1856) be plainly seen in various places, and especially in the wilds of the mountains, must have been a famous road in its day. It commenced at Kittanning on the Allegheny River, and crossed the Alleghany Mountains in a southeastern direc-

tion, the descent on the eastern slope being through a gorge, the mouth of which is five or six miles west of Hollidaysburg, at what is well known as Kittanning Point. From this it diverged in a southern direction until it led to the flat immediately back of Hollidaysburg, from thence east, wound around the gorge back of the Presbyterian graveyard, and led into Frank's Old Town. From thence it went through what is now called Scotch Valley, Canoe Valley, and struck the river at Water street. From thence it led to Alexandria, crossed the river, and went into Hartsog Valley; from thence to Woodcock Valley, across the Broadtop Mountain, into Aughwick; from thence into the Tuscarora Valley, and from thence into Sherman's Valley, by Sterritt's Gap.

"At Kittanning Point, this path, although it is seldom that the foot of any one but an occasional hunter or fisher threads it, is still the same path it was when the last dusky warrior who visited the Juniata Valley turned his face to the west, and traversed it for the last time. True, it is filled up with weeds in summer-time, but the inden-

tations made by the feet of thousands upon thousands of warriors and packhorses which travelled it for an unknown number of years are still plainly visible. We have gone up the Kittanning gorge two or three miles, repeatedly, and looked upon the ruins of old huts, and the road, which evidently never received the impression of a wagon-wheel, and were forcibly struck with the idea that it must once have been traversed, without knowing at the time that it was the famous Kittanning trail. In some places, where the ground was marshy, close to the run, the path is at least twelve inches deep, and the very stones along the road bear the marks of the iron-shod horses of the Indian traders. . . . The path can be traced in various other places, but nowhere so plain as in the Kittanning gorge. This is owing to the fact that one or two other paths led into it, and no improvement has been made in the gorge east of "Hart's Sleeping Place," along the line of the path." [29]

A branch of this great path through central Pennsylvania ran by way of Rea's

[29] Jones's *Juniata Valley*, pp. 134–136.

Town[30] (Raystown) to the Forks of the Youghiogheny and on to the site of Fort Duquesne. This branch became the historic route through this region, but the Kittanning path was probably the important Indian thoroughfare. The upper Allegheny contained a far heavier Indian population than the lower Allegheny; Céloron found no Indian village at the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny.

The Iroquois Trail was, in the main, a war trail rather than a trading path. On the other hand, the Kittanning path was preëminently a traders' route.[31] It was over the Kittanning Path and its branches that Post came in 1758 with "a large white belt, with the figure of a man at each end, and streaks of black representing the road from the Ohio to Philadelphia."[32]

NEMACOLIN'S PATH

One of the most important Indian paths in America, if indeed it was not the most

[30] See "A Map of Part of the Province of Pennsylvania west of the Susquehannah," in *Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania*, vol. ii., p. 80.

[31] Post's *Journal*, entry of Nov. 9, 1758.

[32] *Id.*, entry of Nov. 24, 1758.

important, in so far as Europeans were concerned, ran from the Potomac valley to the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela. It was early known as Nemacolin's Path, from a Delaware Indian chieftain.

Nemacolin's Path, which was trod by many armies and might well be called the "bloody thoroughfare," was originally a trade route over which the Indians of the "Ohio country" were reached. When the first Ohio Company was formed in 1749 and a grant of land between the Monongahela and Kanawha was received from the king, the Virginian capitalists at the head of the company turned at once to this path through the lower Alleghanies as their route of approach. Their farthest outpost was erected at the mouth of Wills Creek on the Potomac — the point at which Nemacolin's Path left the Potomac. They there employed Captain Michael Cresap to blaze the course of the trail that their traders might not miss the course. Then drew on apace the remarkable series of events which mark this mountain thoroughfare as the most historic, perhaps, on this continent. The story of this trail and its cam-

paigns will form the subject of several volumes of the present series; our purpose, here, is achieved by recognizing the route and properly classifying it.

THE VIRGINIA WARRIORS' PATH

As though hollowed by the Creator's hand for the sole purpose of opening a way from the seaboard to the interior of the continent, the trough between the Blue Ridge and Cumberland ranges was early found to lead surely but circuitously westward.

This trough between the mountain ranges was the course of the great path from Virginia to Kentucky and Illinois which played so great a part in the history of the Central West.

Two great branches from the Warriors' Path ran into what is now Tennessee and West Virginia. The main trail held steadily onward to Cumberland Gap. Passing this point it ran onward through Crab Orchard, Kentucky, to the "Falls" of the Ohio at Louisville. The great route onward to St. Louis may be said to have been this same roadway making for the Mississippi.

19 77

"Warriors' Path" was the early name of this route, as, for a distance at least near Cumberland Gap, the trail was a link in the great war path from the north to the south. The old "War Trail of Nations"[33] which descended the Great Kanawha and came into the New River valley was a branch trail. At a later date Daniel Boone heroically opened a road over this route to Kentucky which took the appropriate title of "Wilderness Road." Of this Wilderness Road, which played a mighty part in the opening of the first settlement in the West, Kentucky, a particular study will be made in an independent monograph.

Dr. Walker, from whose *Journal* extracts were made while discussing buffalo trails,[34] made his journey of exploration to Kentucky in part over the Virginia Warriors' Path. This path was also a famous traders' path by which packhorses went and came from all parts of the great expanse between the Tennessee, Cumberland, and Illinois rivers.

[33] *Catalogue of Prehistoric Works East of the Rocky Mountains*, p. 223.

[34] *Historic Highways of America*, vol. i., part ii.

Thus, briefly, may be outlined the more important Indian thoroughfares which led from the seaboard into the central interior of the continent. It is impossible to more than suggest here the great part these trails and the roads that were built over them played in the development of the land. They were the routes of the explorers of the West. Walker, Gist, Boone, Croghan, Clark, Washington, owed what they knew of the interior of the continent to these trails of the Indian. The missionaries knew them all; Post, Heckewelder, Zeisberger, Jones, wore out their lives plodding over them even as did the brave "Black Robes" on the "roads of iron" in the country of the lakes to the north.

"Whither is the paleface going?" asked an old Seneca chieftain of Zeisberger.

"To the Allegheny river," he replied.

"Why does the paleface travel such unknown roads? This is no road for white people, and no white man has come this trail before."

"Seneca," said Zeisberger, sternly, "the business I am on is different from that of other white men, and the roads I travel

are different, too. I am come to bring the Indians great and good words." And nothing bears out more strongly the brave hero's words than the rough map left us of the "roads of iron" beyond the Ohio.[35]

The conquest of the continent was made over these Indian thoroughfares which offered access to it. Army after army marched over the old Iroquois trail throughout the old French and Revolutionary wars. Washington led the first army into the West over Nemacolin's Path, built the first English fort erected in the West beside it, and there fought the first battle of the old French war. Braddock followed Washington's trail, building his great road from Fort Cumberland to within seven miles of the Ohio river — a deed which should have brought him more credit than his defeat brought him disgrace. Forbes, truly a "Head of Iron," plowed his way over the Ohio branch of the Kittanning trail, building his road as he went, until the flag of his king floated from the remnants of dismantled Fort Duquesne. From Fort Watanga Daniel Boone opened his "Wilderness

[35] Heckewelder's "Map of Northeastern Ohio, 1796."

Road" along the Warriors' Path to Kentucky, over which soon marched the best and bravest army that ever went west — the army of Virginian and Carolinian pioneers which dyed redder a land called "dark and bloody" since even the Indians knew it; and by them the feeble American republic laid its hands on the Mississippi river and held it. Bouquet, a Swiss as wily as any Indian, followed Forbes's rough track in the desperate days of Pontiac's rebellion and extended that road onward into Ohio in the crowning victory he achieved in 1764. Andrew Lewis, who put an end to Dunmore's war and secured the country south of the Ohio to Virginia by his victory at the mouth of the Great Kanawha in 1774, led his men over the "War Trail of Nations" from Virginia.

And after war came the deluge — of pioneers! If these old Indian routes had never been made famous in war they would be forever famous for the part they played in a later time of peace. The hosts of pioneers crowded onward the way the explorers and the armies had gone. They wore a great, deep road through the Mo-

hawk valley and the land of the Iroquois; they jostled each other in Cumberland Gap; millions poured through the Alleghanies by Great Meadows and Braddock's Bloody Ford, to get to the Ohio river. These three became the great routes of the pioneer period, as they have more recently become the course of three great trunk railway lines.

A great work for the local historian may be found here. Each foot of the earliest Indian thoroughfares should be traced and mapped, together with the springs, licks, fords, ferries, and Indian village sites which may be found beside them. There is no newer, fresher, more important field for outdoor study.

CHAPTER IV

INDIAN THOROUGHFARES OF THE CENTRAL WEST

HISTORY tells of two Ohios — the old and the new. The old Ohio was all the territory of the Central West drained by the Ohio and Allegheny, which, together, formed the *La Belle Rivière* of New France. It included the territory between the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge, the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes, unless we except the "Illinois" country which, early in history, became a territory distinct by itself, as the meadow lands of Ken-ta-kee became distinct later. As late, however, as the Revolutionary War a standard English map printed "Ohio" south, as well as north, of the Ohio river.[36]

Of this Central West — the old Ohio — only that part which lay north of the Ohio

[36] Map with Pownall's *Middle British Colonies in North America*, 1776.

river contained a resident Indian population. The portion south of the Ohio was the Korea of the Central West — the "dark and bloody" battle ground of surrounding nations half a century before white men came, in their turn, to fight for it.

North of the Ohio river, in the valleys of the Allegheny, Beaver, Muskingum, Cuyahoga, Scioto, Sandusky, Miami, Maumee, Wabash, and Illinois rivers, white men came to know the red man more intimately than anywhere else on this continent in the eighteenth century. This knowledge of the Indian in his home-land resulted in giving to the world a mass of material concerning his country, customs, and character. Much was supplied by missionaries; a great deal by traders [37] and explorers. The armies of conquest and the first of the host of pioneers told the rest.

Among other things this knowledge of the Central West before the Indian left it

[37] "The map of Ohio, and its Branches, as well as the Passes through the Mountains Westward, is laid down by the Information of Traders and others who have resided there, and travelled them for many years together." — Darlington's *Journals of Christopher Gist*, p. 271.

made possible the making of many maps which pictured the country very much as it was, and a study of these maps proves that many of them are essentially accurate.[38]

Advancing civilization has made the valley and hillside blossom as the rose; the rivers are drained and dredged till they look little as they did a century ago; great chasms have been torn through hill and mountain by the railways — but the summits of some of the hills are left very much as they were. And here on the highlands, which were to the trade and travel of the olden time what our trunk railway lines are to us today, one may follow the serpentine tracks of the pilgrims and armies of the long ago with almost as great accuracy as the tow-path or railway bed in the valley below. For, in addition to having been mapped by many geographers, this region is in part a hilly country with many long watersheds. When a great watershed trail is once located by topographical maps, and

[38] For list of early maps see Baldwin's *Early Maps of Ohio and the West* in Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society publications, Tract No. 25; also appended list of maps in possession of the Society.

all the testimony to be derived from the records of the earliest days has been considered, it is often possible to follow it for many miles. The explorer will be surprised at nothing more than at the fund of information which can yet be secured from aged residents along the old-time course.

Thus for field work, copies of the old maps and of good topographical maps are needed, together with a large acquaintance with the earliest pioneer literature, stout legs, and a knack for asking questions.

The main trails of the Central West may be charted as follows:

North Part of Lake Erie
Perpendicular Rocky Bank
Indian Path along the Lake
High Clay Bank
Here a late Purchase has been made of the State of Connecticut by a Number of Gentlemen of that State among whom is Mr. Phelps
Grant of 3300 Acres of land to the Moravians
Presque isle
Last Purchase made of Congress & N. York State by Pensylvania, for the benefit of a Communication by Water to Lake Erie
Pensylvania Line
Old Moravian Ind. Town
Moravian Ind. Town in 1780
Swamps will make good meadows
Indian Country
Path to the Lake
Path to the upper Sandusky
Path to Coshocton
Path to Coshocton, Sandusky & Detroit
Old Indian Town
Mahony old Town
Shenango Branch
Depreciation Lands of Pensylvania
Old Ind. Path from Beaver Creek to W. Branch of Susquehanah
Fort Franklin
Allegheny R.
Allegheny River
Pensylvania Donation Lands
Path from Pittsburg to Fort Franklin
Path from Pittsburg to Big Beaver Creek
Little Beaver
Pittsburg
Monongahella River
Ohio River
Pensylvania Line
Tuscarora
The 7 Ranges of Townships Surveyed in the Years 1785 & 1786. some of which were Sold in New York
The Military Lands
Old Moravian Ind. Towns
Muskingum River
Path to the Shawanese Towns on Scioto
Path to the Shawanese & the United States
The Muskingum is the Territorial Line between the U.S. & the Indian Country
Path from Detroit to Tuscarora
Path from Detroit to Tuscarora
Path from Detroit to Sandusky
Path from Detroit to Sandusky
Path from Detroit to Sandusky

NAME: The Lake Shore Trail.

TERMINI: Niagara river and Fort Detroit.

ROUTE: Ascended the eastern shore of Niagara river — followed southern shore of Lake Erie, usually on the "second rise." Connected Presque Isle, Fort Sandusky, and Fort Detroit.

REMARKS: A trail of the second class. Mentioned in *Zeisberger's Diary*, vol. i., pp. 333–341; also in Rhea's Narrative, *Pennsylvania Archives*, second series, p. 669. For best map, see Heckewelder's Map of Northwestern Ohio, 1796.

NAME: The Mahoning Trail.

TERMINI: Fort Pitt and Fort Sandusky.

ROUTE: Left the "Great Trail" near the mouth of the Beaver — ascended the Beaver and Mahoning valleys — crossed the watershed to the portage between Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers — followed watershed until the Great Trail was met on head of Sandusky river — descended Sandusky river to Fort Sandusky.

REMARKS: A trail of the second class, used perhaps largely by runners between Fort Detroit and the Pennsylvania frontier, to avoid passing over the Great Trail. Referred to incidentally in *Zeisberger's Diary;* also see Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio,* vol. ii., p. 627. For best map, see Heckewelder's.

LAKE
ERIE
Maumee River
To Ft. Detroit
Sandusky Bay
Ft. de Sandusky
Lower Sandusky
Wyandot Town
Portage Trail
Sandusky R.
WYANDOT
Huron Trail
Old Fort
Mahoning Trail
Mohician Town
Killbucks T.
Killbucks Cr.
The Great Trail
Wallondin R.
Owl T.
Blue Jackets T.
Buckongehelas T.
Pluggys T.
Macachien T.
Wapekoniela T.
Lower Shawnee T.
Seneca-Beaver Trail
Standing Stone T.
SHAWNESE
To Ft. Miami
Scioto R.
Sandusky-Richmond Trail
Chillicothe
Kinnear
Hurricane Toms T.
Wyandaleas T.
Old Lower Shawnee T.
Ft. Richmond Va.
Q. Kanawha
Ottowa T.
Cuyahoga R.
Cuyahoga T.
Salts Lick T.
Mahoning T.
Mahoning R.
Pemautuhing T.
Shaningo T.
Kishkusk
Painted Post
Sawkung
Beaver T.
Log T.
Venango
Ft. Pitt
Forbes' Road
Ft. Ligonier
Braddocks Road
Ft. Byrd
Youghiogeny R.
Monongahela R.
Fort Cumberland
Allegheny R.
IROQUOIS
Lake Chautauqua
Portage
Ft. Presque Isle
Ft. La Boeuf
French Cr.
Venango
Iroquois Trail
Mingo Bottoms
Mingo Trail
Wills T.
Big Bottom Blockhouse
Ft. Frye
Campus Martius
Ohio River
DELAWARES
Kosh-Kosh-Kung T.
Ft. Harmar
Monongahela Trail
Little Kanawha River
Hughes R.
Fish Cr.
Hockhocking R.
Muskingum R.
Gnadenhutten
Moravian T.
Coshocton
Tuscarawas R.
Canesadooharie R.
Sandusky
Lake Erie Shore
Portage Trail
Presque Isle
Lake Chautauqua
Conewango
Allegheny R.
Ft. Venango
Ft. La Boeuf
Ft. Pitt
Forbes' Road
Ft. Ligonier
Braddocks Road
Ft. Byrd
Youghiogeny R.
Monongahela R.
Fort Cumberland
Iroquois
Mingo Bottoms
Mingo Trail

NAME: The Great Trail.

TERMINI: Fort Pitt and Fort Detroit.

ROUTE: Followed north bank of Ohio river from Fort Pitt to the mouth of the Beaver — took the watershed to the "Crossing-place of the Muskingum" (Bolivar, Ohio) — Wooster, Ohio — Fremont, Ohio — River Raisin — Fort Detroit.

REMARKS: The most important trail west of the Ohio river in the Revolutionary era; western extension of Nemacolin's Path (Braddock's Road). For references see Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio*, vol. ii., p. 832; also Douglas's *History of Wayne County, Ohio*, p. 167; also Colonel Henry Bouquet's Journal in *Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians*. For best map, see Hutchins's map in same volume.

NAME: Scioto-Beaver Trail.

TERMINI: Scioto valley and Pennsylvania frontier.

ROUTE: Crossed the watershed at the head of the Hockhocking river from the Shawanese village "Lower Shawnee Town" to the Tuscarawas valley near the Delaware capital near Coshocton — took to the watershed between the Tuscarawas and Ohio, and met the Great Trail at "Painted Post" (near Bouquet's camp No. 8). Connected on Tuscarawas with trails leading north and south.

REMARKS: Next in importance in the West to the Great Trail; the main thoroughfare from the country of the Shawanese to the country of the Delawares and eastward. An extension led on into the country of the Miamis. Traversed by Christopher Gist on his mission for the Ohio Company to the Ohio country, see *Gist's Journals*, p. 35 *et seq.* For best map, see map with Pownall's *Middle British Colonies in North America*, 1776.

NAME: Scioto-Monongahela Trail.

TERMINI: Scioto and Monongahela valleys.

ROUTE: Crossed from Lower Shawnee Town directly eastward to the Muskingum valley. From "Big Rock" (near Roxbury, Ohio) the trail took a southernly course on the watershed between the Muskingum and Ohio to the mouth of the Little Kanawha (Belpre, Ohio). Crossing the Ohio here, the trail ran by way of Dry Ridge and Ten Mile creek into the Monongahela valley.

REMARKS: One of the more important routes of war and trade in the West, connecting the Scioto country with the home of the "Long Knives." A branch trail undoubtedly struck the Muskingum at "Duncan's Falls" (Taylorsville, Ohio), from whence a slight trail led straight eastward to "Mingo Bottoms" (near Steubenville, Ohio). For notices, see Hildreth's *Sketches of Pioneer History*, pp. 204–206; also *History of Morgan County, Ohio*, pp. 42, 126.

NAME: The Venango Trail.

TERMINI: Fort Pitt and Fort Presque Isle (Erie, Pennsylvania).

ROUTE: Took the watershed between the Allegheny and Beaver straight north to Fort Venango (Franklin, Pennsylvania). Ascended the Rivière aux Bœufs (French creek) to the portage between Presque Isle, which it crossed.

REMARKS: The main landward route to Lake Erie from Fort Duquesne and Fort Pitt. Connected the last of the line of French forts built from Quebec to the Ohio, forts Presque Isle (Erie, Pennsylvania), La Bœuf (Waterford, Pennsylvania), Venango or Machault (Franklin, Pennsylvania), and Duquesne (Pittsburg, Pennsylvania). For references, see Sanford's *History of Erie County, Pennsylvania*, p. 24, also, *Pennsylvania Archives*, second series, p. 720, and Post's *Journal* for July and August, 1758. For best map, see Hutchins's "A Map of the Country on the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers."

NAME: Cuyahoga-Muskingum Trail.

TERMINI: Lake Erie and Ohio river.

ROUTE: Ascended Cuyahoga valley from mouth of Cuyahoga river, crossed the portage to the Tuscarawas and descended the Tuscarawas and Muskingum valleys.

REMARKS: One of the important river trails in the West. The lower Muskingum valley was little used by the Indians and the path between the Licking (Zanesville, Ohio) and the Ohio river (Marietta, Ohio) was probably little used. Through the country of the Delawares, along the Tuscarawas, it was a very important thoroughfare. For map, see Hutchins's.

NAME: Scioto Trail.

TERMINI: Fort Sandusky, on Lake Erie, and Virginia and Kentucky.

ROUTE: Ascended the Sandusky valley and descended the Scioto valley to the Ohio. Principal thoroughfare of the Shawanese country, and a war and trade path southward and east. An important branch took the highland watershed between the Scioto and Hockhocking rivers and crossed the Ohio at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, which it ascended into Virginia. The main trail continued straight south through Kentucky to Cumberland Gap.

REMARKS: One of the most important trails, both in peace and in war, in the West. The main route for the Sandusky-Virginian fur trade. The old-time "war path" through the mountains to the Cherokee country of the south. Main route of invasions on Kentucky and for the invasions of the Indian country from Kentucky during the Revolutionary War. Connected all the Shawanese villages from the mouth of the Scioto to the valley of the Sandusky. For best map in Kentucky, see Filson's map; in Ohio, Pownall's, in *Middle British Colonies*.

NAME: Miami Trail.

TERMINI: The Miami valley and Virginia and Kentucky.

ROUTE: Various branches north of the Ohio, from the valley of the Little Miami and Great Miami, converged on the Ohio and crossed near the mouth of the Licking river. Ran through Licking and Kentucky river valleys to watershed between the Green and Cumberland rivers. Branch took to watershed south of the Green river through the Cumberland mountains into the country of the Cherokees. Another branch joined the Scioto trail ("Warriors' Path") through Cumberland Gap.

REMARKS: The route from the country of the Miamis southward to Kentucky and the Cherokees' country. Indian war path and route of many of the invasions from each side of the Ohio during the Revolutionary War. For map, see Filson's.

NAME: Fort Miami Trail.

TERMINI: Lower Shawnee Town and Fort Miami on the Maumee river.

ROUTE: Crossed in a northwest course on watershed between Scioto and the Little and Great Miami to the valley of the Maumee ("Miami-of-the-Lakes").

REMARKS: Highway to the northwest, lakes Michigan and Superior. For best map, see Hutchins's map of 1764.

CHAPTER V

LEAVES FROM AN EXPLORER'S NOTEBOOK

ON a morning of one of those summer days which come as a surprise in March, I left the Ohio and Little Kanawha railway train at the little station of Roxbury, Ohio, and crossed the broad Muskingum into the southern extremity of the valley, which, because of its splendid dimensions, was named "Big Bottom" by the earliest pioneers.

Here, on the second "rise" from the river, upon what is now the Obadiah Brokaw farm, one of the colonies of the Ohio Company settled late in the black year 1791. I came now to decide for myself a question as to the location of the historic "Big Bottom Blockhouse," where the terrible massacre of January 2, 1791, opened the Indian war which ravaged the West until 1795.

I found Mr. Brokaw buried in a great

pile of white, fragrant shavings, but he hospitably left his work to become my guide. We went into the field beside his house where, near a white shock of withered corn, a little stone post marked the spot where Mr. Brokaw many years ago discovered unmistakable evidence of the original site of the blockhouse. It will be remembered that the relief party which came to Big Bottom the day after the massacre buried the dead within the half-burned building for, elsewhere, the ground was frozen. The bodies were removed later to their present resting-place on the hillside to the east, but when plowing very deep one spring Mr. Brokaw found the old burial place, and, consequently, the site of the old blockhouse; here he erected the little monument which marks the spot.

Beside this stone and with the wind sighing in the withered corn, Mr. Brokaw pointed out, on the range of hills beyond the river, the old path over which the Indians came. He said the trail was as plain there today as the country road yonder. Noting my growing curiosity to know more of such an odd thing as an old trail, my

friend promised that his boy would "set me" over the river after dinner, and I could look over Big Bottom from where the Indians watched the colony during the day preceding the massacre.

The promise was kept. And that afternoon, as I reached the foot of one of the spurs of Wallace Ridge, my young, barefooted guide pointed out a slight rounded trough which led away north and south. It was what remains yet of the old, deep-worn path of Indians and the pioneers of the valley, who, for many years, followed only the runways of the red race which preceded them there. In the chestnut oak forest on the summit of the ridge the path, as Mr. Brokaw had remarked, was as plain as a country road. I had found an Indian trail — and a most interesting and original approach to the whole study of the early history of America. For I saw the narrow path as that murdering band saw it a century before; I rested where they lurked, overlooking the sports of the garrison below them, before descending to their deadly work. Then with the passing years the long line of pioneers passed by me in

TRAIL ON WALLACE RIDGE

search of unclaimed tracts of land, or passing to and fro between the distant settlements. To one whose imagination is grounded in the annals of these early days, a walk on one of the old-time thoroughfares is a glimpse backward which, for vividness and meaning, will prove of more inspiration than a year spent in any of the best of our museums.

By Hutchins's old map, drawn for Colonel Bouquet when he led the first English army that ever crossed the Ohio, I found that this thoroughfare I was shown that day crossed through Fairfield and Perry counties from the Scioto valley where the Shawanese lived. It can be found on the upper waters of Wolf creek, in Morgan county, near the Mills Hall farm, and followed over the highland and along the ridge some two dozen rods east of "Eve's Schoolhouse." It passes then through the old Jeremiah Stevens farm on the Harmar and Lancaster road, and from thence over the ridge to the William Pickett farm on the branch of Bald Eagle creek. It follows the hills down Bald Eagle creek valley to the Muskingum. Running out on the hills

just behind Stockport, it takes to the summit of Wallace Ridge, which it follows to Roxbury and "Big Rock."

From "Big Rock"—a noted landmark which stood in the Muskingum river near the present railway "cut" north of Lake Chute—the old trail strikes south for the Ohio river. Crossing the ridge, it came down to the west branch of Wolf creek at the mouth of Turkey Run, went through the George Connor farm and Quigley Flats to the south branch of Wolf creek, which it crossed two miles above the junction of the forks; thence due south on the watershed to the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Little Kanawha (Belpre, Ohio).

Here it joined another trail which came eastward from the lower Scioto valley and the two went on together to the "Monongahela country."

A clew to its eastern course was found in Hildreth's *Pioneer Sketches*. The doctor told of visiting a patient near "Dry Ridge," where the old path to the Monongahela country ran on the watershed between the Ohio and Little Kanawha rivers. My route was by rail and then by horse, and I soon

found there was more than one Dry Ridge, though one brown countryman informed me that ridges were the only things in that country that were dry. After following what seemed my best course for half a day, I put in at a snug-looking cottage for further directions. On the lawn I found two aged men, one leaning on a cane on one side and his comrade on the other. Receiving the hearty salutation usual from these hospitable people, I then asked my question. I found I had been traveling in the wrong direction — but lo! there stood unsteadily before me one of the old-time frontiersmen who knew the Monongahela trail as well as I did the Baltimore and Ohio railway.

My visit here in that little cottage was of utmost, timely inspiration; for wherever you find them, these few trembling men of the olden day are more than glad to find others interested in the days which they are living over and over as they sit idly awaiting a long, hard life's end.

Suffice it that I found Dry Ridge and learned all the course of the old thoroughfare from the Ohio to the Monongahela.

Crossing at the mouth of the Little Kanawha (Parkersburg, West Virginia), it passes near the old "Neal's Station" — now Ewing's Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio railway — and goes north of Kanawha station and above Eaton's tunnel. There it takes to Dry Ridge, where Dr. Hildreth knew it, which it pursues to Doddridge county (West Virginia), through Martin's Woods and north of Greenwood to Center Station. From there it turns east to West Union tunnel (Gorham's or "No. 6"), and then on to the highland on the head of Middle Island creek. Reaching the watershed in Harrison county by way of Tom's Fork, it runs into the valley of Ten Mile creek, which it follows down into the Monongahela valley.

At one point a country road ascended Dry Ridge and crossed the old-time highway which courses along the summit. At the junction of the two routes stands an aged tree bearing on one side the bright, clean gash of the surveyor's ax, on the other the dark, half-healed blaze of the "Long-knives" of Virginia. These are the trade-marks of two centuries, the signs

of two races — one of which opened and conquered an empire, another which settled it and is making it what the Creator purposed.

The great road broken open by Colonel Henry Bouquet in Pontiac's Rebellion, from the Ohio to and down the Muskingum river to Coshocton, Ohio, can easily be followed and mapped throughout its length. It is one of the most historic routes of the Central West, for Bouquet followed the Great Trail closely. Following the northwest shore of the Ohio to the mouth of Big Beaver, this highway takes to the northwest from that point (as the fastest trains from Pittsburg to Cleveland do today), and goes on to the watershed between the Beaver river and Yellow creek. It passes north of New Lisbon, Ohio, into the Big Sandy valley. Passing near Bayard it runs by way of Pekin (now Minerva, Stark county), Waynesville, and Sandyville — crossing Nimishillen creek half a mile above Sandyville — and comes to the Tuscarawas at the "Crossing-place of the Muskingum," at Bolivar. From this point Bouquet turned southward, but the Great Trail ran west-

wardly on its course to Detroit. It passed through the old Baptist burying-ground one-half mile south of Wooster and crossed the Kilbuck north of the bridge on the Ashland road. Turning west it coursed near the present village of Reedsburg to the well-known Indian town "Mohican John's Town" and thence northwest near Castalia in Erie county to Fort Sandusky on Sandusky river.

When visiting at the historic village of Gnadenhutten during the centennial celebration of 1898, I endeavored to locate the Muskingum trail which passed through this region. From no one could I gain any clew, until when in conversation with the venerable Bishop Van Vleck of the Moravian Church I brought up the matter of early highways. The bishop at once recalled a remark made by a parishioner who told him that when coming to church he followed an old roadway in order to make a short cut. On this clew I started and reaching, by the common highway, the range of hills beyond the Tuscarawas, I found there the plainest pathway on the heights. Following the old course, I was

THE OLD MUSKINGUM TRAIL

at last repaid, after a six mile tramp, by finding the gentleman I sought. At his home, beside a roaring threshing machine, I learned the course of the ancient highway — of which the county records at New Philadelphia make no mention, though dates there recorded went back into the eighteenth century. Descending the Tuscarawas on the western bank from the "Crossing-place of the Muskingum," it crossed Sugar creek near the present site of Canal Dover. Stone creek was crossed near its mouth, as was Old Town creek. From that point the trail took to the highland farms of A. W. Patrick, A. Rupert, David Anderson, Elia Mathias, Chas. Kinsey, P. F. Kinsey, the Sweitzer heirs. It crossed Frye's creek and went on the farms of B. Gross and Mr. Wyant, and from there followed the Tuscarawas to the site of the Moravian town Salem (now Port Washington). Thence it turned westward to the hills near Chili and into Coshocton county, where was the Delaware capital Gosh-goshing, the modern Coshocton. As a highway, this old route was deserted during my old guide's boyhood — but with the vivid recol-

lections of youth which so many elderly persons possess, he remembered that it was used even by the old-time traveling circuses which were wont to come that way. He also informed me that if I would follow the path steadily I would find myself at length in a traveled road. And, on the day following, as I pursued the course, his words proved true and I suddenly came into a traveled road. The old highway was still in use as far as a farm-house located at a distance from the main highway. It was not blocked up, for many still use the old road as a footpath across the hills.

For the explorer of old highways there is perhaps no spot in America which can equal in romance and interest the three great pathways, one built upon the other, which wind through the Alleghanies of northwestern Maryland and southwestern Pennsylvania, from the Potomac to the Ohio river. Each of these paths was an important item in great campaigns, and the course leads on through scenes as memorable as any on this continent. You may follow any one of the three courses — that of the Indian path, over the summits of the

AN INDIAN TRAIL BECOMES A MODERN ROAD

hills, or Braddock's great road which nearly followed the Indian's course, or the Cumberland Road which followed closely the general alignment of Braddock's Road. By any route the journey will be an inspiration which no description can by any means convey.

If you follow the Indian path from hilltop to hilltop you will seem to see yet the blazes on the trees made by Cresap's Indians for the Virginian gentlemen who were eager and anxious to try that celebrated test case with France to decide who was master in these western forests. For this little path, starred white by the Indian's ax, was more than a mere road westward, much more than a blazed trader's course to the Ohio. It was a path for Saxon commerce, and if for commerce then for conquest, as the quick-witted Frenchmen well knew — and nothing could have brought on that decisive war more quickly than the blazing of that Indian trail and the granting of the one hundred thousand acres to which it led.

You may travel that famous path with the little company of men who set out westward over it in 1752 to spy out the West

and learn what the French were doing on the Allegheny. Many of the heights over which Washington passed on that rough ride look today much as they did a century and a half ago — for a century is a short period in the depths of the Alleghanies. And as you peer into the valley where the once famous Cumberland Road winds along, you will remember that it became the realization of the youthful Virginian's earliest dream; for while moving westward over the Indian path in 1752, Washington was already planning a highway which should bind the East and the West — a dream that so wonderfully came true when the next century was only eighteen years of age.

In the year after, Washington led over this same narrow path the little vanguard which in the intense stillness of these mountains should open with a savage roll of musketry the momentous war which could never end until in far Quebec, Wolfe laid down his life at the cry of victory. On the hillside to the south you may look down upon the waving grasses of Great Meadows where faint mounds of earth still

mark the site of Fort Necessity where the first battle in the West was fought and where Washington signed his first — and last — capitulation. From Fort Necessity you may pick your way westward along the old path as it climbs slowly the stately shoulders of Laurel Hill; deep in the valley you will find a little pile of stones surmounted by a rude cross where the French "embassador" Jumonville was buried when Washington's Indians ran him to cover. In the pursuit which followed, the young major, with his handful of Virginians, floundered over this narrow path to Washington's Spring and then downward to the cliffs from which that first volley of the old French war was fired.

Or go back again to Cumberland on the Potomac, where Braddock's troops are impatiently awaiting the order to advance. At least six hundred swarthy men are sent forward to open a great road over the Indian track. The army soon marches in their wake — a very plain wake of felled trees, uprooted bushes and vines. It is desperately slow work. The army camps night after night within hearing of those

ringing axes which herald the coming of the flower of Ireland's slums.

But if the army was an army of degenerates, its general was one of a thousand! Who else would have hewed such a road against such odds, with the listlessness of the colonies, whose salvation he was, and the chicanery of disreputable contractors combining to make his expedition a failure from the very beginning? You may walk over Braddock's Road from where it left the Potomac to the pool of blood where it stopped, and that rough track — its tremendous gorges which the rains of a century have not effaced, its great furrows through the open, its wide pathway through the forest — is a monument to the sheer grit and determination of the man for whom it is named and who was buried somewhere in it.

Even in the open country west of Braddock's Run the old road may be followed easily to the orchard where Braddock died, breathing those last brave words. Here Washington, it is supposed, read the service over the remains which were then buried in the very center of the road in order that

the wagons might hide the grave from desecrating hands. This was done so completely that even Washington, at a later but happier day, could not identify it.

On the summit of Laurel Hill a county road now follows for a distance the old-time war route. The spot where the former swings away westward may easily be discovered and your route turns again into the silent forests.

Or return once again to historic Cumberland — and before you a great avenue eighty feet in width has supplanted both the road of the Indian and Braddock's ancient highway; "it is a monument of a past age; but like all other monuments, it is interesting as well as venerable. It carried thousands of population and millions of wealth into the West; and more than any other material structure in the land, served to harmonize and strengthen, if not to save, the Union." It was the nation's highway — this famed old Cumberland road — which meant more to the whole West for half a century than any railway means to any part of it today. Over this great track the "Star of Empire" passed

westward to that mighty empire to which Nemacolin's Path and Braddock's rough road led the way a century and a half ago. A century had proved that the West could not be held by water-ways. The question then was, could it be held by land approaches? The ringing of woodmen's axes, the clinking of surveyors' chains, the rattle of tavern signs and the rumble of stage coach wheels, thundered the answer — Yes!

So patriotic and so thoroughly American is the Central West today, that it is also difficult to realize by what a slender thread it hung to the fragile republic east of the mountains, during the two decades succeeding the Revolutionary War. The whole world looked upon the East and West as realms distinct as Italy and France, and for the same geographical reason. It looked for a partition of the alleged "United States" among the powers as confidently as we today look for the partition of China, and for very similar reasons. England and France and Spain had their well defined "spheres of influence," and the populated and flourishing center of the then West, Kentucky, became, and was for

a generation, a hotbed of their wily emissaries. Through all those years when Burr and others "played fast and loose with conspiracy," the loyalty of the West was far less sure than one can easily believe. The building of the Cumberland Road was, undoubtedly, one of the influences which secured the West to the Union, and the population which at once poured into the Ohio valley undoubtedly saved the western states in embryo from greater perils than those they had known.

This road, conceived in the brains, first of Washington, then of Albert Gallatin, took its inception in 1806, when commissioners to report on the project were appointed by President Jefferson. In 1811, the first contract was let for ten miles of the road west of Cumberland, Maryland, which was its eastern terminus. The road was opened to the Ohio river in 1818.

In a moment's time an army of emigrants and pioneers were en route to the West over the great highway, regiment following regiment as the years advanced. Squalid cabins, where the hunter had lived beside the primeval thoroughfare, were pressed

into service as taverns. Indian fords, where the water had oft run red with blood in border frays, were spanned with solid bridges. Ancient towns, which had been comparatively unknown to the world, but which were of sufficient commercial magnetism to attract the great road to them, became, on the morrow, cities of consequence in the world. As the century ran into its second and third decades, the Cumberland Road received an increasingly heterogeneous population. Wagons of all descriptions, from the smallest to the great "mountain ships" which creaked down the mountain sides and groaned off into the setting sun, formed a marvelous frieze upon it. Fast expresses, too realistically, perhaps, called "shakeguts," tore along through valley and over hill with important messages of state. Here, the broad highway was blocked with herds of cattle trudging eastward to the markets, or westward to the meadow lands beyond the mountains. Gay coaches of four and six horses, whose worthy drivers were known by name even to the statesmen who were often their passengers, rolled on to the hospitable taverns where the com-

pany reveled. All night, along the roadway, gypsy fires flickered in the darkness, where wandering minstrels and jugglers crept to show their art, while in the background crowded traders, hucksters, peddlers, soldiery, showmen, and beggars — all picturesque pilgrims on the nation's great highway.

It is a fair question whether our western civilization is more wonderful for the rapidity with which new things under the sun are discovered, or for the rapidity with which it can forget men and things today which were indispensable yesterday. The era of the Cumberland Road was succeeded in half a century by that of the railway, and a great thoroughfare, which was the pride and mainstay of a civilization, has almost passed from human recollection. A few ponderous stone bridges and a long line of sorry-looking mile-posts mark the famous highway of our "Middle Age" from the network of cross-roads, which now meet it at every step. Scores of proud towns which were thriving centers of a transcontinental trade have dwindled into comparative insignificance, while the clang-

ing of rusty signs on their ancient tavern posts tell, with inexpressible pathos, that

"There hath passed away a glory from the earth."

From many of the sweeping stretches of this great road you may look to the hilltop where Washington dragged his swivels over the Indian path; nearer, perhaps close by, may be seen the great gorges of Braddock's Road — strange monuments to the indomitable British grit which finally overcame. And between these three great streams of human history you may read the story of the marvelous centuries now passed away.

CHAPTER VI

THE EVOLUTION OF HIGHWAYS

THE practical importance of the study of early thoroughfares is appreciated when the historical evolution of land travel in America is clearly understood.

As the study of this evolution is to be the subject of this series of volumes, it will be presented here only in outline, to form a fitting and practical conclusion to the subject in hand.

For instance, the evolution of Indian thoroughfares to military roads is seen in the following charts:

Venango Trail.	Route of Marin's military road from Fort Presque Isle (Erie, Pa.) to Fort La Bœuf (Watertown, Pa.) on French creek.	Road over which troops and armament and supplies for the French forts in the Allegheny valley passed.
Nemacolin's Path.	Washington's Road from Wills Creek to Fort Necessity and Mt. Braddock in 1754. Route of Braddock's Road from Wills Creek to "Braddock's Field," 1755.	First English military road to the Ohio Basin.

Trails.	*Military Roads.*	*Remarks.*
The Great Trail.	Course of Colonel Henry Bouquet's road from Fort Pitt to the "Crossing-place of the Muskingum" (Bolivar, Ohio), in 1764, in Pontiac's rebellion.	First English military road opened west of the Ohio river.
Scioto Trail (Kanawha branch).	Route followed by Gen. Andrew Lewis to mouth of Great Kanawha (Point Pleasant, W. Va.), in 1774, during Dunmore's war.	The course of this first English army into the territory south of the Ohio river.

Miami Trail.	Route pursued by Generals Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne in the campaigns of the Indian war (1790–1795).	Course of the first military invasions into northern Indiana.
Trail from Muskingum to "Mingo Bottoms."	Course of a portion of St. Clair's army which in 1792 opened the famous "Federal Trail" westward.	
The Great Trail (west of the Muskingum).	Partly the course of Crawford's campaign to Sandusky (1782). Route of McIntosh's proposed attack on Detroit, 1779.	

Trails.	*Military Roads.*	*Remarks.*
Muskingum Trail.	Route of various minor campaigns into the country of the Delawares from Fort Pitt, 1775–1783.	Connecting at the "Crossing-place of the Muskingum" with the Great Trail.
Kittanning Trail.	Route of Armstrong's campaign against the Indian town Kittanning in 1756. The Ohio branch was the route of General Forbes's road from Philadelphia to Fort Duquesne, 1758.	

After opening the country to its conquerors these old highways became, then, the pathways of immigration and intercourse.

The following charts show the evolution of the old trails into public roads:

Trails.	*Military Roads.*	*Public Roads.*
Venango Trail.	Marin's Road to French creek.	Present highway between Erie, Pa., and Watertown, or "Shun Pike."
Nemacolin's Path.	Washington's and Braddock's roads.	The Cumberland or old National Road from Cumberland, Pa., to near Uniontown, Pa.
Virginia Warriors' Path.		Route of Boone's Wilderness Road to Kentucky.

Trails.	*Military Roads.*	*Public Roads.*
Iroquois Trail.		Route of the "Great State Road from Lake Erie to the Hudson river."
Miami Trail.	Harmar's, St. Clair's, and Wayne's routes.	Old "Hamilton" and "Eaton" roads.
Mahoning Trail.		Early traders' route from Pittsburg to Detroit, as described by Col. Hilman.

Trails.	*Military Roads.*	*Public Roads.*
Portage paths.	Lake Erie-French creek.	"Shun Pike."
	Cuyahoga-Tuscarawas.	Present-day road.
	Maumee-Wabash.	Wabash railway.
	Pennsylvania.	Pennsylvania railway.
	St. Joseph-Kankakee.	Present-day road.
	Clinch-New.	Present-day road.
	Potomac-Youghiogheny.	Cumberland Road.

The story of these various highways, their building and their fortune, is the story of the people who have and who do now inhabit the land. The study of them is an important story; it has already been too long neglected.

Will not those who desire out-door occupation and are interested in local history reconsider the story of the county in which they live as it may be read in the highways that are known, or those which have been forgotten?

[redacted]

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